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THE REAL CHANCELLOR REEVES

A MODERN BROTHER OF ESAU

BY

HARRIET RIDDLE DAVIS

WITH DRAWINGS BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

THE battle had been raging fiercely for twenty-four hours when we fell together—he and I. We were entire strangers to each other; for one wore the gray and the other the blue, and this was our first meeting.

He had led the assault again and again, daringly and recklessly. I had heard his cheer of encouragement to his men as he charged up the long slope toward our batteries, which crowned the hill. Our men had fallen back from the plain below, unable to withstand the hot, determined onslaughts. We had finally taken possession of the hilltop and planted our guns, with the intention of making a stand and holding this place of vantage until the last man of us should be cut down or trodden to pieces.

The preceding twelve hours had been a perfect hell. The slope and plain beneath were ploughed and torn with shot and shell. The fields of young corn lying all about us, over which we had fought every inch of our way, were trampled and bloody. No shrubs, no verdure were left; everything was broken and uprooted. The little brook had changed its pure, limpid water into a turgid ooze of heart-blood. The scene was heartrending.

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I knew it could only be a matter of an hour or two that we should be able to hold our position, for the overwhelming numbers of men pouring up the slope, with battle-rage stamped upon their faces, were too strong for us; and, though volley after volley from our batteries mowed them down, others sprang over the fallen ranks and charged up the hill without check.

I had no way of determining how the tide of battle was going in other parts of the field; for the thick clouds of smoke from our guns obscured everything. I only knew that I was there to hold that particular position with my handful of men, and that it was the last stand I should ever make on earth.

I was half blinded by smoke and powder, as there was nothing to protect my eyes, my hat having been shot away early in the day; but, suddenly, I could see this young giant of a Captain, with his uplifted sabre, looming up in front of me within reach of my sword-arm. I was just about to rush upon him—and I thank God every day of my life that it was not my hand that smote him—when he was struck down and fell heavily forward, shot completely through and through.

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Then, as though maddened, there rang out such a yell from his men as I had never heard. It rose up like a mighty battle-cry, and they swarmed over the crown of the hill and up over our silenced guns, cutting and trampling down everything before them. The last thing I heard was their shout of triumph as they swept on, leaving me and my men bleeding and dying on the hilltop.

The next that I knew was hours afterward. It was past midnight, and the clouds were scudding across the sky. Every now and then the moon would shine out brightly, lighting up what I knew must be a ghastly sight, only I would not look about me. I could almost lift myself into a sitting posture, though not without terrible agony, for something lay across my legs and partly upon me which I could not move nor make any impression upon.

I was in an utterly discouraged and hopeless state of mind; I did not care what became of me. I had no home, no kindred, and I would have been glad to cut the whole thing. I could hear, now and then, ominous sounds around me. Once or twice I caught a far-away glint of a lantern. It was evident that the battle-field was already being carefully searched, but I did not know which side held the field.

Suddenly, I remembered the young Captain who had fallen with me. I raised myself up on my elbow and peered around on the mangled forms that covered the hillside. All at once I saw, not two feet from me, a pair of eyes looking into mine, steadfastly and mutely. The moon was shining full in their owner's face, and I experienced a most curious thrill as I gazed upon it. My head grew dizzy, and my heart stopped beating. It seemed as though I were looking into my own face—as though my own form lay before me. I thought for a moment that fever had set in and that, in my delirium, I fancied I was looking upon myself and that my end was near. Then the mist cleared from my brain, and I knew that it was the young Captain, whose face was so astonishingly like my own as to be almost a duplicate. We gazed at each other in painful silence; then he spoke, slowly and hoarsely:

"I've been looking—at you, and I thought you—were my ghost—and that I was dead—but I am done for."

I could only stare. I could not find my tongue. He continued, haltingly and with labored breathing:

"If the—ambulance corps—comes around in time—I might—have a chance. It seems strange that—the moon can shine after—that hell of yesterday. If I only had—a sup—of water. My throat—feels—stopped up."

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Then he closed his eyes and I thought that he was gone. I fumbled around with difficulty in search of a canteen and found that I could just reach one that hung to the belt of a dead private. It was half full of water. I put it to his lips and he drank eagerly. Then there was a long, sighing groan, and he spoke again:

"If you—get out of this—will you send—a message to my people?"

"Yes," I replied. Then I said, "I wish I knew which side holds the field."

"I don't know; I knew nothing after I was struck," he feebly returned.

I was turning over in my mind what the chances were. I knew that if I fell into the hands of the enemy I might be passed over entirely and left to die here, or I might go to the hospital for a while, and thence to prison. I made an instinctive and desperate effort to crawl from under the heavy weight which lay across my legs and pinned me to the earth, but my effort was futile, and I wished that I had a drop of brandy. Then I remembered that I did have a little in a flask somewhere. I raised myself up and groped for it, and was about to drink it, when I reflected that there was just enough to keep the soul in my companion long enough for him to tell me to whom to give his messages. I held the flask to his lips, and when a touch of life had come to his pinched and whitening face, I said encouragingly:

"Tell me who you are, and what you want done; I'll do all I can for you, old chap."

He looked at me steadily and said:

"Do you think you can get my coat off? I have a horrible burning sensation all over me, and if I could be rid of my coat I'd die more comfortably. The night is very hot."

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I tugged with half-numbed fingers at his coat, and after almost superhuman efforts I managed to peel it off.

"There, that's a great deal better," my companion said. "Oh! how good that breeze is. In that coat are letters and papers, and when all this is over, and if you survive, see that they go to my sweetheart. Do you know, I was to have been married in a few days? I had just had a furlough granted to go home to marry my girl. I have not seen her in months."

His voice took on a tenderness and dreaminess that told of the longing anguish that possessed him. He ceased for a moment, then continued in an eager, quick tone, as though he knew that his time was nearly up:

"My name is Chancellor Reeves. I am the last of the name. I was to marry my cousin, Evelyn Reeves. I want you to go to her and tell her that I died with her name on my lips. Oh! my God, how can I die and leave her? How will she live through it? Here, can you get this locket off my neck? Never mind hurting me. There, take it to her; she will receive you kindly when she knows that you bring my dying messages. Give this into her own hands. Are you listening? Will you swear to do this?"

"Yes, I swear it," I answered; and for a time everything was still, save the night wind in the trees.

Then he began talking again in a rambling, wandering way. Sometimes he fancied he was with his sweetheart, and it

"I SAW NOT TWO FEET FROM ME, A PAIR OF EYES LOOKING INTO MINE STEADFASTLY AND MUTELY"

made my heart ache to hear him. He would call her in every tone, every cadence known to love, until the name of Evelyn was stamped on my brain and heart as in letters of fire. Once he thought he was leading the charge of the day before, and he feebly cheered his men. At last his words came farther and farther apart, then ceased; and when I put out my hand to him I knew that it was all over and that in all probability I was the only living thing on the hilltop.

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With a strange feeling of emotion I reached out and laid his hat over his face, it being the only semblance of a rite that I could bestow upon the dead; then I lay back on the ground for a bit and wondered dully what I could do with his coat containing his papers and locket. I reasoned that if I were to place the papers inside my own coat and I should be picked up by the enemy I should be stripped of everything, of course, and absolutely no attention would be paid to any request of mine as to the disposition of papers found upon me. Thinking this, and I swear that this was solely the thought that prompted me to the action which followed, I mechanically began to strip off, with almost dying hands, my own blood-soaked coat.

My strength was nearly gone, and it seemed to me that my head was very queer. I found that I could not draw on his coat; I was too feeble. I could only put it on over my shoulders and button it around my neck; but it was sufficient protection to his letters and locket, and I was satisfied that I had done all that I could to insure the carrying out of his wishes, and I fell back exhausted.

Then the most extraordinary sensations seized me. It was as though my spirit were trying to escape from me and in so doing that I should be rent apart. I did not doubt that my end was near. I tried to fix my eyes on the blue dome of heaven. I tried to remember that above me were the very same stars I had been staring at for half the night, but not one of those stars could I see. Instead, there were dreams, unreal and halcyon.

I dreamed of a wonderful garden, with tropical plants and japonica hedges growing all about. It seemed to be part of a vast estate. I was dressed in uniform and I was striding rapidly through this great garden. My heart was thumping in a most unaccustomed way, and I seemed to expect someone to step out from behind every magnolia tree that I passed. At last, I came within sight of an imposing house, old and stately, but with no sign of life visible.

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Everything was profoundly hushed and silent. I passed in through the wide door and into the empty hall, thence into a long room from which the light had been excluded. I walked carefully on tip-toe, holding up my sword lest it should make a noise on the parqueted floor. As I stood and gazed about the room there rushed over me queer, tumultuous feelings. I was trying to subdue them, when I heard a step and a light swishing of skirts. I turned and there stood Evelyn before me, whom I had expected to see out in the garden. I sprang to her side, took her face in my two hands and looked at her with all my soul. She laid her head on my breast and said:

"Oh, Chancellor! Thank God! you are spared to me. Thank God."

How long I dreamed I was in this darkened room with Evelyn's arms around me I don't know. I suppose that in reality I was hovering on the borderland of death, out under the stars on that battle-field, but I was suddenly awakened and brought back from the brink of the grave by the flash of something across my face. It was a lantern. They were searching for the missing, and I was surrounded by a group of the enemy. One man was kneeling by me feeling for my heart. He nodded to the others and said:

"Yes, it is Reeves. He is still living. Bring that stretcher nearer. Be careful when you drag that horse off his legs. The spark of life is very feeble; it may go out entirely. He made a gallant charge yesterday."

Some one else said:

"Yes, this is the place where the fighting was hottest."

I wondered what and of whom they were talking. I could still feel the warm clinging of Evelyn's arms, and when I was lifted and borne upward it seemed as though they wrenched her from me violently and my heart went out in one long, agonized cry of—

"Evelyn! Evelyn!"

Some one said:

"He's delirious. He's calling his sweetheart. He was to marry her soon, poor chap. No wonder he calls her."

Then everything was blotted out.

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When next I knew anything I was lying on a narrow cot. I tried to look about, but could not. There were stiff bandages around my head, and the only part of me that was movable or that had any feeling was my left arm. My right arm lay out on the coverlid, swathed its entire length. I tried to move my legs, but there was no feeling there, and I wondered what had become of them. I tried hazily to disentangle my thoughts. Where was I? and who was I? I tried to think of my name, but the only name that came to me was Evelyn. Then I remembered that I had been wandering in a garden with her, and that she had called me by my name, if I could only recollect it. Her face was dear to me, and I wished she would come to me here and tell me what had happened and who I was.

Finally two people came toward my cot. One was a Surgeon and one was a hospital nurse. I looked up in their faces, and they looked down on me. It was extraordinary that I was able to hear and note all that was said and done. I seemed to have a certain abnormal acuteness that was in reality apart from and outside myself.

The Surgeon glanced quickly across at the nurse, nodded his head and said:

"It's all right; I think he'll do."

In a little bit he went away and I spoke to the nurse.

"Will you please tell me where I am, and who I am?"

She smiled indulgently, and said:

"Why, Captain Reeves, you were badly wounded several days ago; you are in a hospital, and you are getting along nicely."

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"Did you say 'Captain Reeves,' Nurse?" I asked doubtfully, looking closely at her.

"Why, certainly," she answered, but there was an alarmed look on her face, and she made a move as though to go to the door.

"Where is Evelyn?" I asked eagerly; for I was still possessed by my dream. A look of relief came over her. She was evidently reassured by my question.

"HOW I EVER CARRIED THE CHILD TO EVELYN I DO NOT KNOW"

"Miss Evelyn is on her way here; we expect her any moment." She answered.

With this reply I was content, and immediately dropped off to sleep.

The next time that I was conscious I heard a murmur of voices, and it was some time before the words made any impression on my dazed brain. A woman's voice said:

"But, Doctor, he is so terribly changed. I should scarcely have known him."

The Doctor replied:

"It is only because you have seen nothing of the ravages which the privations of war work in our poor fellows, and the beard, too, makes a difference. But I've known him since he was a boy, and I only see the changes that time and war would inevitably make upon a man."

I made a slight movement. Instantly a woman came noiselessly to my bedside. She bent over me and looked into my eyes in a frightened, anxious way. I knew her at once as the one in my dream. It seemed to me that at last I had found my other self. I said feebly:

"Evelyn!"

Quickly her lips were pressed to mine and she said:

"Thank God! Oh, thank God! You know me!" And her voice was as though a terrible burden of apprehension had been lifted from her heart.

She sat with her arm resting across my maimed body, and her face close to mine. A feeling of infinite peace came over me.

I suppose that some days must have elapsed after this. I have only a dim memory of being roused by the dressing of wounds, and once I had a faint satisfaction in feeling that my legs were still joined to my body; but I heard the Surgeon say when he examined my arm:

"Too bad that it is his right hand. He'll never use sword or pen again."

But I did not care, for I felt Evelyn's soft touch. She had become so much a part of me that even in sleep I would know when she left me. Nearly all my sleeping hours, or perhaps my waking hours, for I could scarcely distinguish between them, were haunted by strange dreams of her.

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Finally I became decidedly better, and it was thought that I could be moved from the camp hospital, and I heard them plan to take me home, wherever that was. It was thought that there might be trouble in getting through the lines, but a military escort was to be provided, and I was to be conveyed by slow and easy stages to this mysterious home. I tried to puzzle it out, but my mind would not work. I heard their words without comprehending their real import in the slightest degree. Then the Surgeon feared this journey might not be safe for Evelyn, and there was a good deal of excited talking and planning. At last Evelyn came to my cot, and, laying her face against mine, said, gravely:

"Chancellor, we are going to be married this afternoon. I can do more for you as your wife; and we must start on our way home to-night under cover of darkness. Do you understand, dear?".

Then some mighty wave of emotion or of instinct surged over me. I made a superhuman effort to grasp at memory. I rose up from the cot, and pushing her away from me, cried passionately:

"You must not! You must not! You don't know—I am not—He is still—What is it? Who am I?" and I fell back on my pillow utterly exhausted.

She shrank away from me as though she had been struck. I could feel my whole frame vibrate with the effort that I was making to grasp at something and to force myself to remember—what?

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The Surgeon came to us quickly and said:

"He's not quite right, Miss Evelyn, but in time I pledge you my word that he will become himself entirely. You must move him to-day, for the enemy is surrounding us closely, and if you are brave enough I think the best plan is to send for the Chaplain and have you made his wife within the hour. I will have his papers made out, the passes signed, and the escort ready at sundown."

"Oh! Doctor, I dare not," she cried.

The Doctor spoke authoritatively:

"The only way to save his mind is to get him away. I will not be responsible for the consequences otherwise. You alone can do it. You alone can save him. Will you?"

"Yes; oh, yes," she answered.

I shudder now after all these years when I think how, on that hot summer afternoon, that young girl was married to me, and how our wedding music was the occasional screaming of a shell as it passed over camp. Of the journey afterward I have little or no recollection. I was probably kept under opiates.

The next time that I was entirely myself I was propped up in a chair out in the wonderful garden of my dreams. Before me was the familiar old house, and surrounding me were magnolia trees and hedges of japonica. How natural it all was! I could scarcely wait to get about to explore. A new life took possession of me. I picked up my crutches that lay beside me, raised myself, and actually began to hobble around, as pleased as a boy.

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"Oh, Chancellor! What do you want? What are you trying to do?" Evelyn cried.

"I want to go as far as the old japonica hedge over there."

A smile irradiated her face such as I had never seen, and I forgot the japonica hedge in gazing into her eyes. I was happy, for I was idiotically in love with Evelyn, and no man ever wooed a woman more devotedly than I. The light in her eyes seemed to shine but on me, and the only thing that ever marred our days together was once when she showed me a portrait of a white-haired woman and asked me wistfully why I never talked of her or asked for her.

I looked up expectantly at her. She sighed heavily. A feeling of trouble crept over me, and I said hesitatingly:

"She was some near relative of yours—or perhaps of mine?"

"Yes, a relative—of yours, Chancellor," she answered sadly.

I seized her hand, and looking down into her eyes asked, anxiously:

"What is it, my darling?"

But she only answered me by a pressure of the hand. The portrait was never alluded to again but I have never forgotten it.

So the months slipped along into years. We lived peacefully and secluded away from the world; thoroughly happy in our love.

The war was over, and the country was just entering upon the difficult days of reconstruction, when the greatest and the most terrible event of my whole unfortunate life occurred. This event was the birth of a son.

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When my first-born was laid in my arms I walked with him to a long window to study the mite of humanity which had been given to Evelyn and me. The child stared solemnly up into my face, and as I looked down at it intently I saw, not the fine, delicate features which form the type of the Reeves family, but instead the rugged, grim outlines, in miniature, of the New England Puritan. It was a thunderbolt from Heaven, for it was my father's face and his father's face before him that looked up at me, and as my son and I stood thus I knew that I was not Chancellor Reeves. The very house shook under my feet. The whole world reeled and tottered. How I ever carried the child back to Evelyn I do not know. I laid him down beside her without a word. She said grievedly:

"Have you no word to say about our son, Chancellor?"

When she uttered that name it was all that I could do to keep from breaking out into deep groans, but I held an iron restraint over myself and said, merely:

"I am overcome by it, Evelyn."

And I rushed away. God only knows how I lived through the next hours, as the terrible truth was forced upon me. Everything was supernaturally clear. I went over each day of all the years, beginning with the battle-field when I had changed identities with that young Captain. He lay in an obscure grave, while I, who had no right on God's earth, had played the part of Jacob to his Esau. I had usurped his birthright, had usurped the woman he loved. My wife and my son were stolen property. I was more nearly like a madman than a human being as I realized this. I did not enter the house all during the night. I could not look into Evelyn's face. I could not look on the child. I must come to some positive decision as to the future.

By the time morning had dawned I had resolved that before anything should be

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HARRIET RIDDLE DAVIS was born in Cleveland, Ohio, but when a child she moved to Washington with her father, Albert G. Riddle, who had been elected to the House of Representatives, and who, at the close of his Congressional service, remained in the Capitol practicing his profession, the law. He has published a number of novels and biographies, and Mrs. Davis doubtless inherited her literary bent from him. Ever since her removal to Washington that city has been her home, and as her associations have been almost exclusively with its people and those of the neighboring States of Maryland and Virginia, sh eclasses herself among Southern writers. Her first novel, Gilbert Elgar's Son, a story of Quaker life, was published in 1891, and was followed by The Chapel of Ease, a story of Maryland farm life, and In Sight of the Goddess, a story of Washington social life. The last has been her most successful work. She has, in addition, published a number of short stories in various periodicals. Mrs. Davis is the wife of Henry E. Davis, of the Washington Bar, and the present United States Attorney for the District of Columbia.

decided upon I would visit the War Department at Washington and look over the War Records, then I would go to the little New England home which I had known in boyhood; after that, the deluge. I finally forced myself into a semblance of composure.

As soon as Evelyn convalesced, I set out on my journey. I went to Washington, and there in black and white the Record of the War Department showed that one John Endicott, Captain of the 57th Connecticut Volunteers, had been killed at the second battle of Manassas, and the Record gave him honorable mention for bravery. From Washington I went to a remote village in Connecticut and visited the half-forgotten place. I saw not one face that I knew or that knew me. I turned my face toward home and wife and child, in what conflict of body and soul may well be imagined.

Suddenly I determined to turn aside on my journey and visit the old battle-field, and seek there the solution I had not found either at the War Department or in Connecticut. I had some difficulty in locating the exact place where John Endicott had made his last stand and where Chancellor Reeves had fallen. It was almost such a day as it had been the day of the fight, and as I sat on the crown of the hill a stern resolve came to me almost against my will. I said to myself:

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"I can partly undo the unwitting wrong I have committed. Nothing good can come of robbing the wife and child of a name that should be theirs by right. It must be my punishment to reveal my true identity to the son and to his son after him. My own honor and self-respect must be taken into account. I must live out the life of Chancellor Reeves to the end, and I must make that life an honor to his State and to the woman he loved."

I sprang to my feet in a strange tumult, and hurried away. I traveled without pause, almost without food, back to my wife.

When I saw Evelyn again she exclaimed:

"Oh, Chancellor! How ill you look! You have aged ten years. What has happened?"

I gazed long and searchingly into her eyes.

If I told her my terrible secret, it might well be the death-blow to her love; if I kept silent it would assuredly be the death-blow to my honor. I must have appeared like one crazed, for my teeth were shut upon my under lip and my hands were clenched at my sides. At last the torrent of confession was unloosed. I could never be silent with her eyes upon me. I cried out violently:

"My life is a living lie! I am not Chancellor Reeves! He lies dead on the battle-field of Manassas. I usurped his name, his birthright, his wife——" Here I strode to where the child was asleep, and continued, in frenzied tones:

"Where is there in this little face one trace of your people, Evelyn? Look! look! and see for yourself."

She did not even glance at him. Her distended eyes were fixed only upon me, and into them there swept by turns the most agonized expressions I have ever seen the human eyes depict; incredulity, bewilderment, horror, despair and pity—yes, pity, all were there. We stood in tragic silence for an appreciable time. Our faces were turned one to the other; I wondered passionately what the end was to be. I tried to break the awful silence, but Evelyn interposed in a broken whisper:

"Wait, let me think."

I watched her as with strained face and working features she pieced together the years of our married life, beginning with the time in the camp hospital where I had lain wounded. At last she said, with an effort to rally her rapidly failing strength:

"Tell me the whole story."

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And I told it. Nothing was softened, nothing was extenuated, nothing was omitted. As I went on and on I could see the anguish gradually die out of her face and give place to pity, and—yes, to love. When I had ended the recital with a repetition of the resolve I had made on the old battle-field, her lips twitched nervously.

"What shall you do with me, Evelyn?" I asked her. "It shall be just as you say."

She twisted her hands together with a sort of despair, and then said, bravely:

"It is a pitiful story, but we will both face it, and do the best we can to right things, Chancellor. No one has been defrauded by this strange mistake, for I am, under the law, my cousin's sole heir, being the only relative he had when he fell, and this whole estate is indisputably mine. It was through no intentional fault of yours that you were picked up for Chancellor Reeves, having on, as you did, a part of his uniform, and bearing, as you do, a most wonderful resemblance to him. We will not conceal this sad story. We will appeal to the Legislature that you may legally take the old name. There will be a nine-days' wonder over it, and then we shall live it down."

I hid my face and groaned out:

"But you, yourself, Evelyn, and your love and belief in me? Can you go on through all the years at my side? Can you love me?"

She laid her head on my breast, as she had done in the dream years before, and said, slowly and earnestly:

"Chancellor, I love you a thousand-fold more than I ever loved Chancellor Reeves before the war. You must make your name an honor to our State, to me and to our boy."

AUNT MANDY'S INVESTMENT

The Story of one of the Stockholders

by Paul Lawrence Dunbar

THE Colored American Investment Company was organized for the encouragement and benefit of the struggling among Americans of African descent; at least, so its constitution said. Though truth was, Mr. Solomon Ruggles, the efficient President and Treasurer of the institution, usually represented the struggling when there were any benefits to receive.

Indeed, Mr. Ruggles was the Colored American Investment Company. The people whom he persuaded to put their money into his concern were only accessories. Though a man of slight education, he was possessed of a liberal amount of that shrewd wit which allows its possessor to feed upon the credulity of others.

Mr. Ruggles' motto was "It is better to be plausible than right," and he lived up to his principles with a fidelity that would have been commendable in a better cause. He was seldom right, but he was always plausible. No one knew better than he how to bring out the good point of a bad article. He would have sold you a blind horse and convinced you that he was doing you a favor in giving you an animal that would not be frightened by anything he saw. No one but he could have been in a city so short a time and yet gained to such an extent the confidence and cash of the people about him.

When a colored man wishes to start a stock company, he issues a call and holds a mass meeting.

This is what Solomon Ruggles did. A good many came. Some spoke for and some against the movement, but the promoter's plausible argument carried the day.

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"Gent'men," he said, "my fellow colo'ed brotheren, I jest want to say this to you, that we Af'-Americans been ca'yin' a leaky bucket to the well too long. We git the stream from the ground, an' back to the ground it goes befoah we kin git any chance to make use o' what we've drawed. But, not to speak in meterphers, this is what I mean. I mean that we work for the white folks for their money. All they keer about us is ouah work, an' all we keer about them is their money; but what do we do with it when we git it? I'll tell you what we do with it; we take an' give it right back to the white folks fu' somef'n' or other we want, an' so they git ouah labor, an' ouah money too. Ain't that the truth?"

There were cries of "Yes, indeed, that's so; you're right, sho!"

"Well, now, do you want this byeah thing to go on?"

"No!" from a good many voices.

"Then how are we going to stop it?" Mr. Ruggles paused. No one answered. "Why," he resumed, "by buyin"from ouahselves; that's how. We all put in so much ev'ry week till we git enough to buy things of ouah own; then we'll jest pat'onize ouahselves. Don't you see, it can't fail?"

The audience loudly declared they did.

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Brother Jeremiah Buford rose and "hea'tily concuhed in what the brothah had said"; and dapper little Spriggins, who was said to be studying law, and to be altogether as smart as a whip, expressed his pleasure that a man of such enterprise had come among them to wake the colored people up to a sense of their condition and to show them a way out of it. So the idea which had been formulated in the fecund brain of Solomon Ruggles became a living, active reality.

His project once on foot, it was easy enough to get himself elected President and Treasurer. This was quite little enough to do for a man whose bright idea might make them all rich, so thought the stockholders or prospective stockholders who attended the meeting, and some who came to scoff remained to pay. It was thus that the famous Colored Improvement Company sprang into life so suddenly.

It was a Saturday afternoon of the third week after the formation of the company that Mr. Ruggles sat in the "firm's" office alone. There was a cloud upon his face. It was the day when most of the stockholders brought in their money, but there had been a picnic the day before, and in consequence a distinct falling off in the receipts of the concern. This state of affairs especially annoyed the President and Treasurer, because that dual official had just involved himself in some new obligations on the strength of what that day would bring him. It was annoying. Was it any wonder, then, that his brow cleared and a smile lightened up his rather pleasant features when the door opened and an old woman entered?

"Ah, madam, good afternoon," said the Colored American Investment Company, rubbing its hands; "and what kin I do fer you to-day, Madam?"

The old lady timidly approached the table which the official used as a desk. "Is you Mistah Ruggles?" she asked.

"I have the honah to bear that name," was the bland response.

"Well, I got a little money dat I wants to 'vest in yo' comp'ny. I's hyeahd tell dat ef you put yo' money in dere hit jes' lays and grows."

"That's the princerple we go on—to take small investments and give back big profits."

"Well, I's sho' dat my 'vestment 's small 'nough, but I been savin' it a mighty long while." The old woman drew a weather-beaten purse from her pocket, and Solomon Ruggles' eyes glistened with expectation as he saw it. His face fell, though, when he saw that it held but little. However, every little helps, and he brightened again as the old lady counted, slowly and tremblingly, the small store of only five dollars in all.

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Ruggles took the money in his eager palms. "Of course, Mrs.——"

"Mandy Smif's my name."

"Of course, we can't promise you no fortune in return fu' an investment of fi' dollahs, but we'll do the bes' we kin fu' you—the bes' we kin."

"I do' want no fortune, ner nothin' lak dat. What I wants is a little mo' money—'cause—'cause I got a boy; he allus been a good boy to me an' tuk keer o' me, but he thought he would do bettah out West, so he went out dere, an' fu' a while he got along all right an' sent me money reg'lar. Den he took down sick an' got out o' work. It was ha'd fu' me to git along 'dout his he'p, 'cause I's old. But dat ain't what hu'ts me. I don' keer nuffin' 'bout myse'f. I's willin' to sta've ef I could jes' sen' fu' dat boy an' bring him home so's I could nuss him. Dat's de reason I's a-'vestin' dis money. It's all fu' him."

Solomon Ruggles fingered the bills nervously and his lips twitched.

"You know when a boy's sick dey ain't nobidy kin nuss lak his own mothah kin, fu' she nussed him when he was a baby; he's pa't o' huh, an' she knows his natur'. Yo' mothah livin', Mistah Ruggles?"

"Yes, 'way down South—she's ve'y ol'."

"I reckon some o' us ol' folks does live too long past dey times."

"No, you don't; you couldn't. I wish to God the world was full of jest sich ol' people as you an' my mothah is."

"Bless you, honey, I laks to byeah you talk dat way 'bout yo' mammy. I ain't 'fred to trus' my money wif no man dat knows how to 'spect his mothah." The old woman rose to go, drawing her old shawl more closely around her shoulders. Ruggles followed her to the door. He was trembling with some emotion. He shook the investor warmly by the hand as he bade her good-by. "I shall do the ve'y bes' I kin fu' you," he said, reassuringly.

"How soon kin I byeah 'bout it?"

"I've took yo' address, an' you kin expect to byeah from me in a week's time—that's sooner than we do anything fu' most of ouah customers."

"Thanky, sir, fu' the favor; thanky, an' good-by, Mistah Ruggles."

The head of the company went in and sat for a long time dreaming over his table. He didn't move a muscle; just sat still as a statue—with his head resting on his clasped hands, his elbows on his table—until the darkening shadows of the evening stole slowly and silently over his room.

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A week later an angry crowd of colored investors stood outside the office of the Colored Improvement Company. The office was closed to all business, and diligent search failed to reveal the whereabouts of Mr. Solomon Ruggles. He had left for parts unknown and left no trace by which to follow him. The investors knew themselves to be the victims of a wily swindler, and they were furious. Dire imprecations were hurled at the head of the defaulting promoter. But, as the throng was spending its breath in vain anger, an old woman with smiling face worked her way through them toward the door.

"Let me th'oo," she said; "I want to fin' Mistah Ruggles."

"Yes, all of us do. Has he cheated you, too, Auntie?"

"Cheated me? What's de matter wif you, man? I put fi' dollahs in hyeah las' week, an' look at dat! Jest you look at dat!"

THE OLD LADY TIMIDLY APPROACHED THE TABLE. "IS YOU MISTAH RUGGLES?" SHE ASKED

The old woman waved some bills in the air and a letter with them. Some one took it from her hand and read out loud:—

"*Dear Mrs. Smith:* I am glad to say that yore int'rust 'cumulated faster than use'l, so I kan inklose you heerwith $15. I am sorry I shall not see you again, az I am kalled away on bizness.

"Very respectfully yores,

"S. RUGGLES."

The men looked at each other in surprise, and then they began to disperse. Some one said: "I reckon he mus' be all right, aftah all. Aunt Mandy got huh div'den'."

"I reckon he's comin' back all right," said another, and they all felt better.

Days lengthened into weeks; weeks into months; Mr. Ruggles did not come back.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, Aunt Mandy's Investment, is republished in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST by permission of the author and publishers, from Folks from Dixie, by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Copyright, 1896, by Dodd, Mead & Company.

THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED

BY

WILL N. HARBEN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY MATHILDE WEIL

Twenty-sixth Chapter

WILMOT returned to his room after walking the streets for an hour, trying to subdue the despair he felt when he saw the vision of Muriel fade from his sight. He met Chester in the hall. Wilmot nodded and was passing on to his own room, when Chester turned and called out:

"Hello. I say, old man, wait a bit."

But Wilmot made no reply, and did not pause. As he started to close his door he saw that Chester was following him.

"Let me in; I've a great deal to tell you, Lee," he said eagerly. "Good news for you, too, I hope. Frank Harrison and I have taken a big liberty. You know you told me The Decade returned your story?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was talking to Harrison about it this morning, and in a moment of inspiration he said he believed he could get the editor of The Columbian interested in it. I came here to see you, and found you out, but saw the story on the table. I took it to Harrison and he showed it to the Columbian staff. They liked it immensely and have accepted it. Here is their check for a hundred and fifty. I really hope you won't care."

Wilmot took the check. At any other time it would have elated him, but now he was not conscious of the slightest rise in the thermometer of his spirits.

"I can think of nothing I would like more," he said. "I am greatly indebted to you. You're a brick, Chester, and Harrison's another. It was very kind of you both. You may go through my manuscripts whenever you like. You succeed where I fail. I seem to make a mess of everything I touch."

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"I told Harrison I didn't see how you could object, really," said Chester; "the other news is about myself."

"About yourself?" said Wilmot absently. He began to fumble among the articles on the mantelpiece for a match to light the gas, but gave it up and sat down in the dark on the side of his bed. The event at the Galatin had crushed him completely—so completely that he felt absolutely weak.

"Oh, Lee, old man," he cried. "I am the happiest human being ever born. The horrible world of my own creation has split wide open. My little girl saved me. She raised one white finger, and the gloom rolled away—away forever. I told her in a roundabout way of my troubles, and she asked me to let her manage it all. The moment she said that, and told me Weyland had faith in me, I was a new man—a new man. Lee, just think of it. Oh, I can't talk now. I'm too full. We're going to get married very soon—in an informal way, in the studio. You are to be my best man. It must be hasty, you see, for Brown, Wilkins & Company have written me that if I accept their offer I must be there in a few days, and Aline says she's willing to give up a church wedding, so we may not be parted. Weyland thinks it for the best, under the circumstances. If any one asks you who's been the greatest fool in New York, just mention my name."

"I congratulate you with all my heart. Yes, she was the doctor you needed all along—she and no one else. But you're not the biggest fool in New York. That title belongs to me," said Wilmot, with that calm and uncompromising bitterness with which men sometimes face the result of their folly.

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"This makes me want all of my friends to get married," laughed Chester, in his excitement not catching the force of Wilmot's words; "you in particular, Lee. Pardon me, but I've long believed that you were in love with that little girl whom you are expecting from the South. By Jove, you couldn't keep from loving her. She's the one woman in the world for you. She's wonderfully beautiful, and true as steel to those she likes. She loves you withall——"

"Stop; for God's sake, stop!" Wilmot sprang to his feet, and stood pale as death and quivering from head to foot.

Chester looked at him in astonishment.

"What on earth is the matter?" he asked.

Wilmot sank back to the edge of his bed and was silent. Chester released the curtain, and the room became dark.

"What's the matter, old man?" he repeated, forgetting himself in his anxiety.

"I've something to confide to you," replied Wilmot, making an effort to speak calmly. "You must never connect my name with that of—of Miss Fairchild. I'm engaged to be married to Mrs. Sennett."

Chester started. For a moment he said nothing, and Wilmot could feel his eyes piercing him through the darkness.

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"I don't believe it. I don't believe it. I cannot—simply cannot, believe it," Chester said slowly and distinctly. "You have too much common-sense to be another Printup."

"Printup? I don't understand."

Chester advanced a step and laid his hand on Wilmot's shoulder. "Is it possible you've never heard how the papers made sport of her two years ago for inducing that boy Printup, nineteen years of age, to engage himself to her? Didn't you know it."

"I know nothing of it—I—I can't—can't believe it," stammered Wilmot confusedly.

"HE TURNED TO THE PHOTOGRAPH OF MURIEL FAIRCHILD ON THE TOP OF HIS DESK"

"All you have to do, then, to convince yourself is to look over the files of the New York papers in the Astor Library during the month of April, two years ago. The Printups belong to the Four Hundred. They managed to stop the affair, after the couple had made three attempts to get some one to marry them, and they sent the boy to France. It was said she appealed to his gratitude by advancing money to him when he was in a tight place. Lee, for God's sake, take the advice of a man who loves you like a brother, and don't let this go farther. She really is an attractive, magnetic sort of woman; she's good-hearted, and is no fool about some things, but she is awfully weak on the subject of loving men younger than herself. Break it up before it's too late, or it will ruin you—absolutely end your career! You might as well never have been born as to take that step! You're a fool and a coward if you let her rope you in. Forgive me, Lee, but it's my affection that makes me feel I could call you every name on the calendar in the hope of opening your eyes."

Wilmot covered his face with his hands.

"It's too late," he said, "the engagement was announced in the presence of Mrs. Langdon, and Mrs. Sennett will publish it in the morning."

"And you admitted it before Mrs. Langdon? You actually admitted it to that—that vulture in petticoats?"

"Yes, I admitted it," said Wilmot, rising and beginning to walk to and fro. "And you mustn't say anything against Mrs. Sennett. She has been a good friend to me. I have gone into it, and I'll stand to my word—if—if—no matter what comes!"

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"You'll stand by your word! You'll sell yourself for a manuscript! You'll give your whole life to a woman who has trapped you! You'll do all this through your idiotic gratitude. Oh, Wilmot, what wouldn't I give if I could only speak the words that would rouse you from your crazy ideas of honor. And you'll give up the girl who really loves you? You'll give up a life of happiness with Muriel Fairchild for——"

"For God's sake, stop, Chester! Leave me now; I'm too weak to talk." And Wilmot threw himself across the bed in an agony of despair.

Chester had the wisdom to know when he had said enough, and he left the room without a word. When his footsteps ceased to sound in the corridor, Wilmot rose and began to search for a match. The darkness maddened him; it seemed to press down on him like a vast, stifling weight. When he had lighted the flaring gas and saw his reflection in a mirror, he stared at it in wonder. He had never looked so haggard; something seemed to hold his eyes wide open, as if the muscles of his face had shortened.

With an oath—it may have been a monosyllabic prayer—he turned from the glass—to the photograph of Muriel Fairchild, which stood in a dainty frame on the top of his desk. He rested his hands on the edge of the desk, and as he gazed at the fair, beautiful face, the wild glare in his eyes softened for a second into tender despair as he thought how he loved her.

And he never fully realized it. The softness faded and gave place to hard, bitter lines in his face as he realized that she was lost to him forever. She would weep for him as for a friend that had died. The tears sprang into his eyes at the thought. He felt a choking sensation in his throat.

Then he heard some one coming along the corridor from the direction of Chester's room, and sprang to the door. He grasped the handle and firmly turned the key. Chester should not come again with his advice! What had been done was absolutely irrevocable.

A rap came—a gentle, considerate one. Wilmot held his breath and waited. Another rap, and now it was louder. Still he kept silent. Then Chester caught the door-handle and shook it violently.

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"Lee," he called out sharply, "I say, old man, are you there?"

Wilmot made no response.

"Lee; I say, Lee!" Chester's voice was raised high.

"What's the matter?" It was now Frank Harrison who was speaking.

"I really don't know." There was no mistaking the alarm in Chester's voice. "I—I am afraid something has happened to Lee. I saw him just now, and——"

Chester shook the door again, and threw his weight against it. Then Wilmot turned the key, and the door opened. Chester almost fell into the room.

"What's the matter?" asked Wilmot.

"I beg pardon," said Chester; "I thought—I was afraid—by Jove! you gave me a fright!" Chester looked at Frank Harrison, who stood staring in the corridor, and affected a laugh. "I left my match-case in your room just now," he said; "and when I rapped and you made no sign I thought—I was afraid you had fainted."

"I'm all right," replied Wilmot; "only a little tired. Won't you both come in?"

"No, thanks," replied Harrison. "I'm going out to the theatre."

Chester went into the room and secured his match-box, then returned to the door.

"Think I feel like feeding," he said as he went out; "won't you come along?"

"No, thank you," answered Wilmot. "I think I'll lie down and try to rest."

But before he went to sleep that night, he took Muriel's photograph from the mantelpiece and laid it in a drawer under some papers. He could not bear the glance of her condemning eyes. He had blindly, stupidly forsaken her. But in his broken sleep all that night her eyes haunted him, as the beating of the "tell-tale heart" haunted the murderer in Poe's weird story.

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Twenty-seventh Chapter

"MEET Madame Angier and me in Jersey City at six-forty this evening.

MURIEL."

That was the telegram Mrs. McGowan handed Wilmot the next morning, as he and Chester were going out to breakfast together.

"What is it?" asked Chester, as they went along the street.

"Miss Fairchild is coming to New York to-night," replied Wilmot. "How can I meet her? How can I look into her eyes and tell her? Oh, Muriel, Muriel, if you had only come a day sooner——"

"Brace up, Lee; be a man," said Chester, encouragingly.

"Be a man!" thought Wilmot. In the irony of fate he was hearing from Chester the very words he himself had spoken the evening before Chester had left for Boston.

"She wants me to meet her and Madame Angier at the station in Jersey City."

"And you are going?"

"Yes, of course; I must go."

They entered the café and took seats at a little window on one side of the room. Chester gave the waiter a coin and ordered a copy of the Morning Advance, his eyes meeting Wilmot's as he did so. The glances thus exchanged were significant. When the paper came Chester opened it and began to read. Wilmot ordered his breakfast.

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Presently Chester grunted angrily and struck the table with his hand.

"It's all here," he said, without looking up. "That woman's a devil! I can read rankling spite in every line of her notice."

Wilmot reached out for the paper but Chester quickly crushed it into his lap.

"I wouldn't read it if I were in your place," he said. "It is the most cowardly piece of work I ever saw. If a man had done it I'd thrash the life out of him, but you can't take any notice of it."

"I may as well see what she says and be done with it," he said in the tone of a condemned man.

Chester reluctantly gave him the paper.

"Dorothea has evidently taken a dislike to you," he said. "As an excoriator she is a great success," with that cold brutality in his tone with which men often hide their deepest feelings.

Wilmot's face was hidden behind the open paper. When he folded it and laid it down, a few moments later, his face was white, set, and distorted. After that colloquy neither spoke till their breakfast was finished.

As they parted on the street corner, however, Chester said, holding out his hand and pressing Wilmot's firmly:

"I hardly feel I've the right to my own happiness while you feel as you do."

"Don't think about me, Louis," said Wilmot. "I'll go back and try to do something if I can get through this day."

That afternoon, as Wilmot was walking down Broadway on his way to meet Muriel, and was looking for a car to one of the Jersey City ferries, he saw Richard Soul come out of a little book-shop accompanied by a young lady who resembled the manager closely enough to be his daughter. Wilmot was quite sure that he caught Soul's eyes, and yet the manager made no sign of recognition, but took the girl's arm and drew her onward. The next minute Wilmot had no doubt that he had been recognized, for the girl turned and looked over her shoulder after him with a curious glance. It seemed as if the manager had told her who he was.

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Wilmot knew that he had been cut. Soul had read Mrs. Langdon's article, and had refused to speak to him. The long street seemed to rise and fall; Wilmot moved onward as through a maze, jostled by the hurrying passers-by. To him his condition seemed infinitely pathetic. He had acted with unpardonable haste, but he had done no intentional wrong. He had taken the step so unwittingly—he had been utterly unconscious of making a misstep. It had been done in the heat of his gratitude to Mrs. Sennett. He ground his teeth together and clinched his hands. A Lee, it was true, would not go to prison, nor to the unblessed grave of a suicide, but a Lee who had dreamed of cutting the name higher on the cliffs of honor than it had ever been written had become the butt of public ridicule. His name was being connected with a silly boy of nineteen—a fool! And coupled with that was the stinging fact that a Lee had blasted a bright young life.

A car with a green stripe flashed through the blur before his eyes, and the letters, "Cortlandt Street Ferry," reminded him of his duty. "But after all," he reflected, "would it now be a duty to meet Muriel? Had he the right to act as the escort of a young woman who had always been punctilious in regard to her friends?"

The fact seemed some material thing which had struck him a blow between the eyes. He had bounded over the curbstone to catch the car, but he fell back and allowed it to pass on. He told himself that he must think the matter over, and not act injudiciously. But he could not think. The effort to decide what was right and what was wrong set his brain whirling.

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Finally, he decided that on the first opportunity he would tell Muriel and her chaperone what had happened. Then, if they objected to his company, he would see that they secured a reliable cab on the New York side, and leave them.

Behind the massive iron railing which separated the waiting-room from the numerous in-coming and out-going trains, Wilmot waited. He felt like a prisoner behind the bars of a jail. The guard at the gate had told him which track the Limited Express from the South would come in on, and between its gleaming steel bars his dull gaze rested. There was a far-off rumble, as of an earthquake, then the flare of a headlight loomed up from the dark beyond the long train-shed.

"She's coming," said his soul. "She is coming—coming with a heart full of love for me, and I——"

The locomotive stood exhausting its steam within a few feet of him. He pressed his face between the iron bars of the fence, and strained his eyes to see the well-remembered form among the stream of passengers alighting from the long line of cars, and now rushing pell-mell through the gates. Wilmot tried to pass inside, but a guard held him back.

"You mustn't go in there," he said gruffly. "It's not allowed. Move back."

Wilmot retreated to the steps leading to the waiting-room that he might look over the heads of the crowd. He was afraid Muriel might pass him unnoticed in that crowd. He noted how many faces seemed lit with the prospective happiness of meeting loved ones waiting and longing for their coming.

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"Ah, here he is!" It was her voice, ringing with a glad tone of relief. She stood before him, dropped her parcels, and held out both her hands.

"I expected you to be down where the train stopped, Wilmot," she cried as gladly as a happy child; "and when I didn't see you I was afraid something had happened. But I forget you do not know Madame Angier."

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Lee," said that lady in a pleasing voice. "You may rest assured I have heard much in your favor from this dear child—no, don't blush, dear," she added to Muriel; "Mr. Lee knows I am teasing."

Wilmot hardly knew what reply he made. Mechanically he took their hand-bags and began to pilot them toward the ferry.

"Have you had a pleasant trip?" he managed to ask without looking at Muriel.

"Rather," answered Madame Angier; "except for the dust. It has not rained for a long time and the dust is very bad."

They had reached the ferry-boat and taken seats, when Muriel, who had been silently and studiously regarding Wilmot during his conversation with Madame Angier, said anxiously:

"You don't look well, Wilmot; tell me, have you been ill?"

"No; I think I'm all right," returned Wilmot awkwardly.

There was a pause. A troubled, unsatisfied expression had settled on Muriel's face; the joyous quality in her voice had gone.

"We are going to the Galatin," explained Madame Angier. "A letter from the proprietor, who is a friend of mine, made me decide on it just before I left Atlanta. He has offered us delightful rooms there. He wants me to hold some of my recitals in the music-room. I don't quite approve of the house. There are two or three objectionable people there, who, but for their wealth and influence, would have been turned out long ago. I've always been particular about my surroundings, and when I have a charge like this" (she glanced at Muriel) "I am even more careful. I see from this morning's Advance, which I read on the train, that that odious Mrs. Sennett, who lives at the Galatin, is making herself ridiculous again by becoming engaged to another young man. I didn't show it to you, dear," turning to Muriel. "I want to keep such things from you as much as possible. You won't have to meet her."

"Mr. Lee has a friend by that name at the Galatin," said Muriel wonderingly.

"Do you know her?" asked Madame Angier, turning to Wilmot. "Do you know Mrs. Albert Sennett?"

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Wilmot nodded. He felt his head rocking mechanically, as if three or four muscles had been cut. It seemed to come to a stop only according to the laws of gravitation. The dull, trembling thump of the machinery in the hold of the boat seemed in some way to connect itself with his vital organism. But he must then and there speak out—that was to be the unavoidable climax. He looked piteously at Muriel. He was about to thrust a rusty blade into the heart of the timid creature whom he loved beyond all else in the world.

"I feel," he began, "that I have a—a duty to perform—that I ought to tell you something before taking you to the Galatin, where I'm known by sight. I'm the—the young man referred to in the article you mentioned." The words seemed cruelly, brutally blunt as he spoke them. He knew what they would mean to Muriel. But he was so palsied mentally by his trouble that he could not palliate the blow.

"You! You—engaged to Mrs. Sennett!" exclaimed Madame Angier. "Surely——"

Something again set his head rocking.

"We became engaged yesterday afternoon." He avoided the hardening stare that shot from Muriel's eyes. He saw Madame Angier suddenly sit erect, and heard her utter a low, unintelligible exclamation. Muriel's purse rolled from her lap to the floor. He stooped and gave it back to her. Her lips moved, as they would have moved had the words "Thank you" come from them, but they made no sound. From her deep, long-lashed eyes startled, terrified questions were springing. He quailed before them like an insect under a sun-glass. The side of the boat began to bump against the piles of the pier on the New York side. He gathered the bags and parcels.

"I shall see that you get a safe cab," he said significantly to Madame Angier. "There's really no danger."

"It would make no difference to me—myself," said Madame Angier, "but you know the world well enough to understand—oh, I hate unpleasant situations—I do hope you comprehend that I mean——"

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"You are right," he interrupted, as they moved with the crowd toward the opening gates at the end of the boat.

Muriel had not heard the brief dialogue. She was only conscious that something as awful as death itself had happened to the man she loved. What an ending to a day more full of bright anticipation than any in her whole life!

He hailed a cab, and when he had seen them safe inside, and had given the driver instructions as to the destination, he stood with head uncovered. Madame Angier, without offering her hand, coldly thanked him. Muriel shook hands with him, a dumb, helpless inquiry in her eyes as to the cause of his remaining behind, for she, poor child, couldn't realize it. He signaled to the cabman and they were rolled away.

This was his welcome to Muriel! This was the moment he had looked forward to with a heart full of love. What a botch he had made of it all! How cold, how heartless seemed to him his treatment of her. He staggered along like one dazed, muttering to himself in mere meaningless reiteration, "How will it end? How will it end?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOW KITTY QUEERED THE RACE

The Romance of a College Town

By WILLIAM LINDSEY

IN TWO PARTS: PART II

BLACK must have had the digestion of an ostrich not to have been made positively ill by those awful ice cream sodas to which Kitty had treated him; but he was not, and, barring a little lack of color, he gave no indication of his previous night's extraordinary training when he went to the mark for the "mile."

It had been a mighty busy day for me; the boys were young, some of them had never been contestants before, and they were nervous and uncertain. I got through the morning as best I could, giving advice here, answering a question there, telling some little fellow with a white face that there was no doubt of his winning, and another, who was over-confident, that he had no chance unless he followed my instructions to the dot.

Dinner over (for at our boarding-house we dined at noon) I started for the "grounds," which were over on the other side of the little town. The wide street was well dotted with carriages, and the sidewalks crowded with townspeople, country folk, and a liberal sprinkling of the supporters of the rival academy. Most of the mill-hands were out, and the rattle of the looms was subdued, half of them being silent.

I threaded my way through the mob as best I could, for every few feet some one would buttonhole me to ask a fool question. Then again, did you ever notice how much harder it is to work your way through a crowd of country people than one of equal density in the city? There is a sluggishness and inertness very different from the quick movements of those whose feet are accustomed to tread upon city pavements.

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However, when I got beyond the shopping quarter, where the dwelling houses began, the streets were free enough, and I crossed over to the south side, the day being warm, and the shade of the elms grateful. I was passing Holden's store, when Kitty appeared in the doorway, as if by accident, and with a very pretty look of mingled surprise and pleasure. She looked as if she had just arrived from Arcadia, or had stepped out of a Dresden dish, with her fresh muslin figured with little sprays of flowers, a big hat on her soft brown hair, and a parasol in her hand which displayed the academy color very prettily.

Her cheeks were bright, and grew a shade brighter as she asked, "Please, Mr. Brown, may I walk along with you?" Receiving my very hearty assent, she tripped down the steps and across the street to me.

Although it was very evident Kitty had been to some pains to see me, I found her very silent and preoccupied. She had said not much more than a silly word or two about the weather, when we reached the Lee place, where she said she must leave me, as she had promised to stop for Sally and Kate. As she put her hand on the latch of the gate she gave me the first hint of what was burdening her mind by asking, "Are the boys all feeling well?"

I said, "Yes, as far as I know," and then to try her, "though Black looks a bit queer, for some unaccountable reason."

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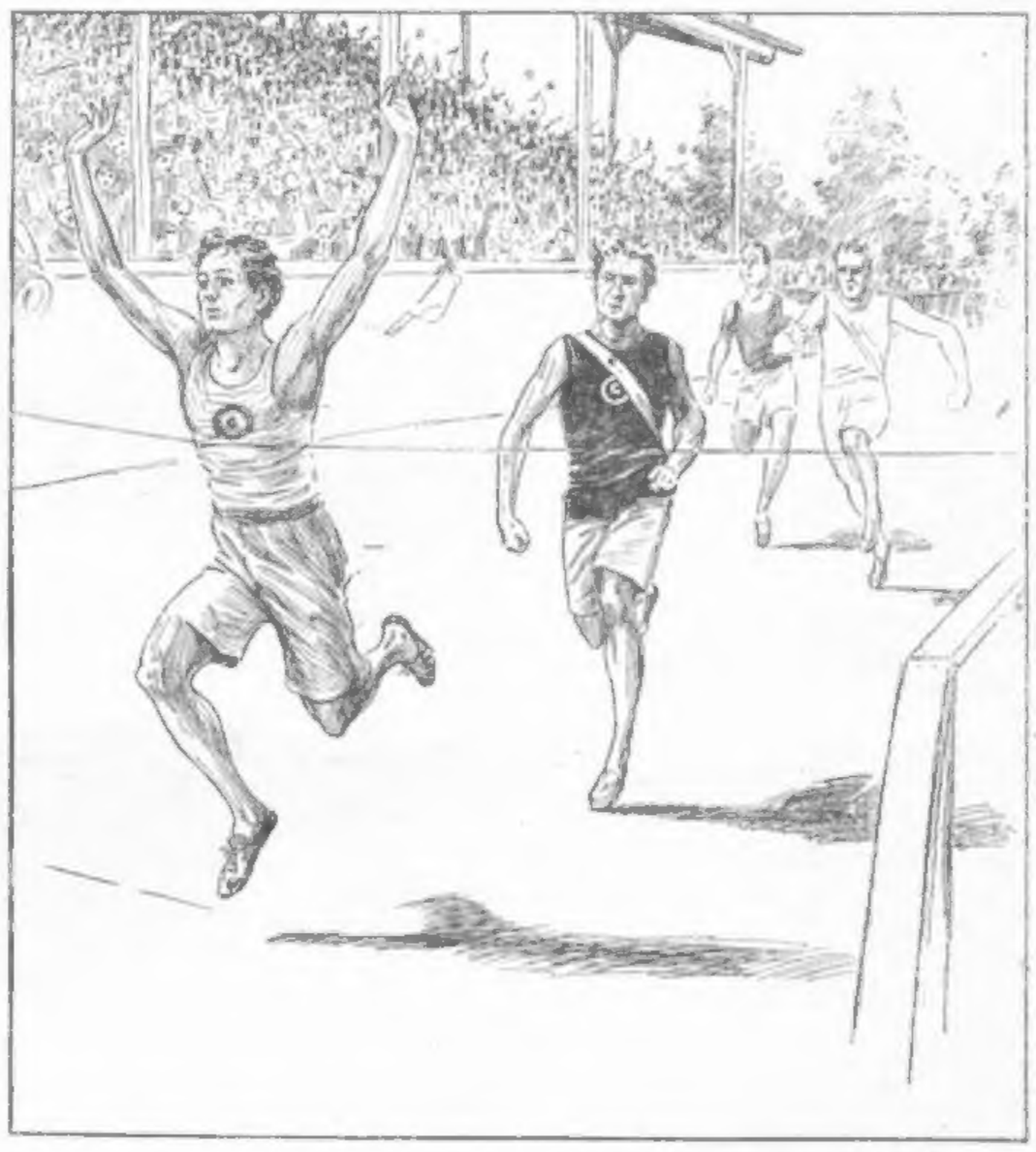
"That's too bad," answered Kitty, with considerable affectation of sorrow, as she swung the gate open; but I noticed a little widening of the mouth, and a tell-tale dimple in her cheek almost betrayed her. Not once did she raise her eyes to mine, either—something very unusual with her, for she had the frankest glance possible.

I watched her go, philosophizing over that most interesting subject, "a woman and her ways," something the masculine mind cannot understand, but likes to struggle with.



"HERE IT IS THAT KITTY'S ICE CREAM SODAS TAKE A HAND IN THE SPORT"

The track was in the centre of the "campus," an inclosure of several acres of soft green turf fringed and fenced by its row of tall trees. Around the track the spectators were gathering, and the grandstand was beginning to fill. All the officials and most of the contestants were already inside the ropes, the former bustling around with their bright-colored badges flapping, and extremely busy doing nothing; the latter, in their spotless trunks and jerseys, with bare brown legs and arms. I know few finer sights than a young fellow, clean-limbed and lithe, trained to perfection, with eyes bright, and face darkened by the sun, waiting in his running-togs, with a background of green grass, and overhead the cloudless sky.

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As soon as I got among them the boys flocked around me, and after a hearty word or two I sent the team off by the catcher's fence, a little beyond, for there were no dressing-rooms, and I wanted to know where to find them. Jack was looking "finer than silk," and Black not half bad, although a trifle dark under the eyes. I was not at all sure that even Kitty's dose was enough to stop him from winning.

Now, I do not propose to say a word about any event but the "mile." This was the last event on the list; we were winners already, and everybody was speculating how badly Black would fracture the record; there seemed to be no doubt about his winning, and, unpopular as he was, it was with many admiring exclamations that he ran a few yards to limber up. His legs moved like clock-work, and his stride was remarkable.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story is taken from Cinder-Path Tales, by William Lindsey. Copyrighted and published by Copeland & Day, Boston.

We had just lost the final heat of the "220," and when the starter's whistle blew for the "mile" I could see the faces brighten up, for it was confidently expected that Black and Harris would run first and second.

There were six starters, and when Jack took his place on the outside, he was the finest-looking boy of the lot. Not having grown so fast, he was more rounded and filled out than the others, though he carried not an ounce of useless tissue.

Kitty sat directly on a line with the tape, on the top row of seats, between the Lee girls. One of them, I could see, was keeping a watchful eye on the west, where the thunder heads were gathering.

But Kitty did not see any clouds—not she. She did not care if the deluge came after this race; and what was a shower or a wet gown? She was red and pale by turns, breathing hard, and had both elbows on the top rail behind her, as if to brace herself for the ordeal. Wonderfully attractive was she in this attitude of repressed excitement.

When Jack glanced up at her, she leaned forward and waved her hand, giving him a look that brought the color to his cheeks. But when he turned, got on his mark, and put out his hands, his flush faded, the half-smile disappeared, and in their place came a stern look of resolution.

And yet I doubted he could win.

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True, he was just the one to do a shade better in competition than in training, but Black was likely to do no worse (unless pulled back by the sodas), and with a strong five seconds to the good, it was a beautiful race to guess on.

"Marks! Set!" The bang of the pistol, with its little wreath of smoke rising in the still air, and they are off. Crunch, crunch, crunch, sound the quick feet on the cinders, a stout fellow, not half trained, taking the lead, and bound to drop out before the "half," unless I am no judge. They disappear a second behind the catcher's fence, emerge again, swing round the turn, straighten out again, and the men are well trailed, as usual, at the lower turn. Down the stretch they come, and just before they pass the posts Black jumps into the lead, amid the applause of the grandstand. Where is Jack? Why, where he ought to be, with the pace like this, and three-quarters more to run. He has followed my orders to the dot, starting off easily (one of the almost impossible things to teach a young runner), trailing behind the field, and he finishes the first quarter last of the six, and a full twenty yards behind Black, running strong.

I see poor little Kitty's face grow white and hopeless as they go by.

Round the track they swing again, two men dropping out at the lower turn, already run off their feet, and one of them the stout fellow, as I expected. Indeed, as they pass the posts the second time, all have come back a bit to Jack, but Black, and Kitty's face is touched by grim despair.

On the third quarter Jack lets out a link, picking up one after another, until only Black leads him, and when they start on the last lap he is running strong and fairly fresh, only ten yards behind.

Kitty's face is the queerest mixture of hope and fear that I ever saw.

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Black runs with the confidence of repeated victories in trials, and attempts to open up the gap again; but Jack has a bit up his sleeve still, answers with a little spurt of his own, will not be denied, and is only a bare five yards to the bad as they straighten out for the last hundred yards.

Here Black glances over his shoulder, and I can see his look of surprise. Jack has never been so close up at this stage of the game. It is evident that both the boys are now approaching "Queer Street"—"Queer Street," with its pounding heart and panting lungs, its parched mouth, singing ears, and leaden feet. Both are game to the core, and it is now only a question of endurance. Here is the runner's purgatory, where the sins of the past are settled, and here it is that Kitty's ice cream sodas take a hand.

Inch by inch Jack draws up on him, his jaw set, his eyes aflame, his stride shortening, but still quick and straight. Black's face is leaden, his eyes glassy, his long legs giving at the knees at every stride.

Down the stretch they come, the crowd on its feet, but too excited to yell.

For twenty yards they run almost side by side, and then Jack pumps ahead and breaks the tape, a winner by a scant yard! Black follows over in a heap, staggers a step or two, and falls before any one can catch him.

Sick, was he? Well, rather!

He had a touch of colic that doubled him up like a grasshopper. He groaned and coughed, he writhed and twisted, like a lobster on the coals. I knew it was not a dangerous matter, and gave him little sympathy, extracting a half-confession concerning his training escapade.

Kitty, the little Jezebel, blushed like a rose when Jack waved his hand at her, as he was carried off on the shoulders of some enthusiastic friends.

Little did he know how he came to win over a faster man; little did Black understand there had been a plot for his undoing; and unless she reads this story, Kitty will never know I found her out, and will always think her secret is a secret to all the world.

The Courage of Gaspard

THE SOLDIER WHO WOULD NOT FIGHT

By John Le Breton.

WITH DRAWINGS BY FRANK McKERNAN

THOSE were happy days when Gaspard Mendon was a fisherman! From the peaceful village of Bizon the fishing fleet sailed, to return loaded with the spoil of the sea which the good God has provided for man.

They were a brave and generous race, the fishers of Bizon, and courage was born in every babe of them; through generations they had battled with the sea, growing braver and hardier, and so the Government prized them, and always some of the Bizon men were away in the warships. And then a day came when Gaspard had to leave home and kindred to join the marine depot.

The Senegal column, to which the marines were attached—and among them Gaspard Mendon—set out for Gaudiole on January 2, 1861, whence it proceeded to Benon-M'bro on the 6th.

From the marshes and from the lakes rose pestilent fever-laden mists, striking down many a brave fellow into his grave; at night the raw fogs chilled to the very marrow, while in the daytime the blazing sun fired the air so that every breath of it seemed void of benefit, and every hour was difficult to live through. As the column advanced the Damel Macodon retreated, and on January 12 the French decided to march on Mekhey, where was the King's palace. The Damel sent messengers asking for pardon, and offering terms, but they were all sent back to him unanswered. But Commandant Saprade was not satisfied with the bloodless march upon Mekhey, and so, on February 5, he left Goree with a small flotilla of four dispatch-ships, a cutter, and other small vessels, and the marines, commanded by Lieutenant Vallon, of the Dialmath, disembarked on the 10th opposite Sedhiou and marched immediately on Sardinieri.

The village was strongly held by the natives; every mud hut was pierced for the guns, and as the column advanced a heavy fire was poured upon it. From every hut came flashes of light and puffs of smoke, which hardly floated away, but hung about on the still air, and presently concealed the village. Half of the marines were led round to the rear, just in time to see issuing from the huts the desperate natives, who fired upon their foes, and then turned and fled.

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The French officers, by dint of driving back their allies with threats and blows, even shooting a few of them, managed to save the lives of a small remnant of the gallant foe. Gaspard was sick at heart as he marched past those groaning or silent bodies; his comrades cheered and laughed, but it had come home to him with appalling directness that he was a murderer!

That day the victors rested in the captured village, and toward night the women came from the country outside and tried to carry off their dead, wailing out their death-chants with an awful, piteous monotony that depressed the most exuberant of the marines. Fascinated, yet horrified, Gaspard watched their lithe forms as they tore their hair and flung their arms above their heads in gestures of wild grief, and wept over their dead. One of the women, who was crouched beside the body of a fine young warrior, turned upon Gaspard as he passed and spat at him.

Gaspard looked at the woman; he met the full gaze of her eyes of hatred, of savage agony and savage love, and he flung down his rifle with a clatter and marched on.

"Mendon, what means this?" shouted Sergeant Croix. "Go pick up your rifle!"

"I shall not use it again, Sergeant. Look at that woman!"

"What have the black cattle to do with you pray? You have done your duty; it is enough. Pick up your rifle!"

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Gaspard strode on and never answered, and so the Sergeant picked up the rifle himself, and reported Private Mendon to the Lieutenant, and the culprit was sent for.

"Do you know what you deserve?" asked Lieutenant Vallon, who was a kindly man, although a severe disciplinarian.

Gaspard was silent.

"Death is the punishment," hazarded the Lieutenant. Gaspard was unmoved. It was evident that this man was no coward, and so he tried to reason with him.

"You must have had some motive for throwing away your rifle. Come, out with it, my lad."

"I have killed men." The words came out slowly; and Lieutenant Vallon laughed at the answer.

"You know nothing, you fool. These black pigs do not value life so much as you value your cigar. If you hadn't killed them, they'd have killed you."

"Then I would have died without the guilt of murder on my soul."

"Pouff; I'll absolve you, mon enfant!"

"It is impossible, Lieutenant!"

"What?"—The officer was angry at the man's obstinacy now. "Here, Sergeant, put this imbecile under arrest! We haven't any cells, but make him feel what a fool he is."

The Sergeant grinned intelligently and marched the prisoner off to a hut and placed a guard at the door. The hut was filthy, and the air foul, but there Gaspard had to remain, thirsty and restless and silent, until the guard was relieved, and then he asked for water.

"PICK UP YOUR RIFLE!"

"Sergeant's orders are that you are to have none until you recover your senses.

"I am a man!" Gaspard said proudly, and he waited without complaint until morning, when the Sergeant fetched him and marched him to the Lieutenant.

"Well, prisoner, are you going to do your duty?" asked the officer.

"I cannot kill," was the hoarse reply, and the swollen tongue and the cracked purple lips told his agony of thirst.

"Very well," said the Lieutenant, "do with him as you like, Sergeant."

"Prisoner! Right about face! March!" cried the Sergeant, and, joined by the guard at the door, they marched to a stake that had been set up in the village street, and Gaspard was bound to it.

There, in the burning rays of the sun, half-crazed with the heat and the longing for water, Gaspard remained until late in the afternoon. Then the Sergeant approached him, bearing in his hand a flask of water and a cup, into which he poured some of the cool liquid, raising the flask high, so that the water fell into the cup with the sound that there was no forgetting. Gaspard's eyes glared at it wolfishly, but his lips and tongue were so swollen that he could not utter a sound. "Private Mendon, will you obey orders?" asked the Sergeant. The poor scorched head nodded assent, and the mouth moved feebly; the Sergeant poured a little of the water between Gaspard's lips, and he tried his best to swallow it.

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So, having surrendered, he was cast loose and carried to a hut, where he lay for a week between life and death; and when three weeks had passed he came again upon parade, a hollow-cheeked, sunken-eyed wretch, hardly able to stand.

Only that morning Gaspard had taken his place with the garrison of the fort, and he, with the others, had sallied out to beat back the enemy; but although like the rest, he placed himself between his defenseless comrades and their foes; he made no attempt to fire his rifle, merely threatening with it, and falling back step by step.

By the time they reached their mud fort they were almost surrounded by a ferocious horde, mad with the lust for blood, and only one person at a time could pass in through the small door of the fort in safety.

Gaspard never looked at the door, but faced the foe with a calm and resolute courage that moved the Sergeant, who was near him, to admiration, so that he cried out words of encouragement to him. Every time the foe made a rush he pointed his rifle, and they fell back before the determined-looking soldier, and fired at him instead. They were bad enough shots, those dark-skinned warriors, and yet Gaspard was bleeding from half a dozen wounds when the Sergeant shouted to him, "You've done your share, mon brave! Run in."

"I wait for you, Sergeant," and the Sergeant, seeing how determined he was, made a rush and got through the door in safety.

Then Gaspard turned his head toward the door, but in that moment the enemy rushed in upon him with yells of triumph, and he was lost to sight; only a struggling mass of black warriors was to be seen, hacking and hewing at something in their midst.

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Just an hour later reinforcements came from the village, and the Mandingoes were driven away with heavy loss; and then they found what was once Gaspard.

The Sergeant took up a rifle from the clinched hand of a dead native; he knew it had belonged to Gaspard, and he looked into the barrel. It was bright, and had not been fired. The Sergeant mused for a moment.

"Ah! the poor Gaspard Mendon!" he thought. "He was an imbecile, look you, but he was also a man!"—Temple Bar.

The MAN that Married Mary.

The Secret of PETER DUNN's Strange Life.

by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

When shall I meet thee once again to tell
How thou hast been my life's upraising leaven—
To answer to thy questions, "All is well"?
Perchance in Heaven.
—When?

ALTHOUGH he had, in addition to a local habitation, a name of his own—Peter Dunn, to wit—he was always known as "the man that married Mary." By profession he was a plumber of some repute—that is to say, he knew by heart the meanderings and idiosyncrasies of every drain in the village; and he added to this experience knowledge, for he had the sense to carry with him such white lead as was necessary to the fulfillment of his calling, instead of expecting the same to grow in every well-ordered household—a false expectation which obtains among plumbers.

For six days of the week he "plumbed," but on the seventh—or, rather, the first—he dressed himself in a little brief authority and a sort of black nightgown, and stood revealed to the eyes of an admiring village as the verger of the parish church. It was impressive to see him conduct to such seats as he deemed meet for them the strangers within his gates; and the way wherein—during the anthem—he distributed the alms-bags among the recipients for whom they were reserved, was a function in itself.

On one memorable occasion, when performing this last-mentioned rite, he stumbled over a top-hat placed in the aisle by some unwary stranger, sent it spinning up the church, and staggered after it in hot pursuit. For one awful moment it seemed that the pillars of Church and State were alike trembling; then the worthy verger righted himself, restored the stumbling-block to its owner, and concluded the function to the unfeigned delight of the sons of the Rector.

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The inhabitants of Cheriton did not wear top-hats, and, if they had, they would have known better than to place such obstacles in the path of the just; so the Rector's boys concluded that some alien brow had been, so to speak, the head and front of the offending, and they blessed that brow accordingly, and never forgot the great "kick-off at seven o'clock," as they called it.

But all these paltry honors and dignities paled beside the fact that Peter Dunn—"plumbing verger" or "verging plumber," whichever one was pleased to dub him—was, above all things, "the man that married Mary." Beside this crowning distinction, all meaner honors sank into insignificance. Mary had been the reigning beauty of Cheriton for more years than she would have cared to confess to, when she arrived at the conclusion that "leading apes" was not so satisfactory an occupation as marrying plumbers, and so decided to espouse her devoted adorer, Peter Dunn, who had regularly proposed to her every Saturday afternoon for—well, at least two hundred and fifty Saturdays, at the lowest computation.

With her office of reigning beauty of Cheriton, Mary Mills combined the duties of village schoolmistress. She was a good girl, and did her work well, but she had no natural love of teaching, and she was very thankful at last to lay her occupation aside and become Mrs. Peter Dunn instead. Mary felt—as, indeed, did all the village, Peter included—that she had conferred an unspeakable favor upon her husband in marrying him, and to the day of her death she treated him more as a King Consort than as a verger and plumber in his own right, which he undoubtedly was; for Mary was what the villagers call "genteel," and founded her ideas of men and women upon the heroes and heroines of such silly novels as came in her way; and, judged according to that standard, Peter certainly fell short of ideal manhood.

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As long as she lived, Mary measured Peter by these stupid measurements, and found him short, and plain, and commonplace, and rough-mannered; afterward, she probably learned to measure him according to the measure of a man—that is, of the angel—and discovered that her plain little plumber was more of a hero than all the men of straw she had delighted to read about in the foolish days of her flesh; but of this we have, of course, no record.

But though she looked down upon him on account of his rough manners and inferior education, Mary Dunn was sincerely attached to her good little husband, and succeeded in making the few years she was spared to him years of radiant bliss for Peter. As for him—poor fellow—he simply worshipped the ground on which his wife walked.

Mary had a younger sister, of whom she was inordinately proud, who was a governess in a gentleman's family. She was, according to Mary, "quite the lady"; and so would, Mary thought, consider it a degradation to visit so humble a home as the Dunns', which showed that poor Mrs. Dunn's standards of good breeding were as erroneous as her standards of other things. Therefore, though Mary sometimes went to see the beloved Ada, Ada never was allowed to come to Cheriton, or to be brought into contact with that most excellent man, her brother-in-law.

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After Mary had been dead for some years, a general feeling spread through Cheriton that the man that married Mary was becoming a miser. He had a very good income, and, as there were no children, had only himself to support, now that Mary was gone; and yet he saved and screwed at every point, which brought him into disrepute at Cheriton. The charwoman, who cleaned his house, told thrilling tales of a tin box, securely locked, which had its abode under Peter's chest of drawers; and into this box the imagination of Cheriton transferred all the savings which Peter so carefully hoarded.

One day the Rector's eldest son, Jack, now at Oxford, rushed into his study, crying:

"I say, dad, the man that married Mary has been robbed of all his savings."

The Rector pushed up his spectacles, and gazed benignly at Jack from under them.

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"Dear me, dear me, what a sad thing!" he murmured. "How much money has been stolen?"

"Nobody knows. But the tin box out of his bedroom has gone, and the poor man is demented."

"No wonder," said the kind old Rector.

"The thief evidently climbed through the window while Dunn was out, as the door was locked, as usual."

"Did he take anything besides the tin box?" asked the Rector.

"No," answered Jack; "for the very good reason that there was nothing else inside the house worth the carriage. There must be a pretty pot of money in that box, dad; for never a pipe in the whole village bursts without the man that married Mary being well paid for mending it, and he is remunerated for his pew-opening duties, too; and yet he hardly has enough to eat, I hear; and I believe the savings in that old tin box must tot up to a pretty sum."

"Dear me, dear me! It is very sad, Jack, my boy, when the love of money thus takes hold of a man—very sad indeed."

"Well, the old chap is punished for it now, anyway," said Jack, with the untempered justice of the very young and inexperienced; "and I am glad of it."

"I am not," sighed the Rector. "I suppose punishments do good, but I am always sorry when there is a necessity for them. If poor Mary had lived, Dunn would never have got into these mean ways; she was such a bright, pretty, superior girl."

Which remark showed that the dispensations of Providence are wiser than the reasoning of the most charitable old Rectors.

Later on in the day, Jack Levett caught sight of a dark object lying in a ditch. He pulled it out and found it to be a tin box, with the lock pried open. In it there was nothing but a packet of letters in Mary Dunn's pretty, old-fashioned writing, and some faded roses, brown and crisp with age.

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The former he was too much of a gentleman to read, but he concluded they were love-letters, as they were addressed to Peter Dunn; but as there was no money in the box, he conjectured that the thief had taken what was valuable and thrown the rubbish away. So he took it straight to Dunn, with many condolences.

"I have found this box of yours in a ditch, Dunn," he said; "but I fear all the valuables have been taken out of it."

Peter seized the box eagerly, and examined its contents.

"No; it's all right, Master Jack," he cried with excitement; "fifteen letters and ten roses, and not one missing. Oh! how can I thank you enough, sir, for restoring them to me? I shall never forget your kindness as long as I live!"

Jack looked puzzled. "But wasn't there anything else in the box?" he asked.

"No, sir; this is all, and it is all I have on earth that is of any value to me. Fifteen letters that my Mary wrote to me while we were courting, and ten roses that she gave me at different times. And to think that they are all safe, and not one missing!"

"PETER SEIZED THE BOX EAGERLY AND EXAMINED ITS CONTENTS"

"I thought there must have been money in the box; you seemed in such a way about it."

"Bless you, sir, I shouldn't have made all that fuss if it had only been money! But, you see, these letters are all that I have left of my Mary, and I read them over and over again. She was a rare scholar, my Mary was—a rare scholar."

"And so pretty, too," said Jack kindly.

"Ay, Master Jack, she was that; and the sweetest way with her. Why, I could tell you the history of each of them ten roses, and where we were standing, and what she said when she gave it to me; only I feel somehow as Mary mightn't like it. But I say her dear words over and over to myself, and never forget them; though it would seem irreverent-like to repeat them to another person, even to one of the quality, like yourself."

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"Of course, of course," said Jack hastily, feeling a queer, uncomfortable lump in his throat; and then they went on to talk of other things. So the man that married Mary was comforted, and the hiding-place of his savings remained a mystery.

A year or two after this, Jack Levett was traveling in Switzerland, and fell in (and out) with some people called Lawson. Mr. Lawson was a flashy young man, with a great many rings and no manners; and his wife was a pretty woman, who falsely imagined herself a lady, and revelled in the delusion.

"I think I 'eard you mention you came from Cheriton, in Blankshire," said Lawson one day to Jack at the *table d'hôte*.

Now, Jack had never mentioned the fact, but Mr. Lawson had discovered it by a diligent perusal of Jack's luggage-labels, whereof Jack was perfectly aware, so he answered shortly:

"Yes; I come from Cheriton."

"Then, p'r'aps you know a connection of my wife's who lives there—a very wealthy man," continued Lawson in an ingratiating manner.

Jack certainly knew all the wealthy people in or near Cheriton, and he also knew that they belonged to a class which would not have counted the Lawsons among their acquaintances—much less among their relations; so he cautiously inquired the name of Mrs. Lawson's kinsman.

"It's her brother-in-law—Mr. Peter Dunn—'er sister's widower," explained Mr. Lawson. "Since her sister's death he has allowed my wife a hundred a year; and if he's as rich as I imagine, I think he might increase the allowance."

"Why?" asked Jack, dryly.

"Well, you see, my wife's sister married beneath her, so I think it is only old Dunn's duty to pay for the privilege of being related to such a genteel family. I gather 'e isn't quite what you'd call a gentleman—not like you and me, you know, but common."

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Jack shuddered, and felt an unholy desire within him to knock Lawson down; but stifling this desire, he said quietly:

"Mr. Dunn is an excellent man, and one for whom I entertain a profound respect; but you are mistaken in considering him wealthy."

Lawson's face fell. "Then you don't think 'e could increase the allowance?" he asked, anxiously.

"I feel sure he could not do so, whatever his wishes might be. It is only by denying himself that he is able to make it as large as it is; of this I am certain."

"And you don't think 'e'll have much to leave, then?" inquired Lawson, gloomily.

"I should say nothing. I can assure you he is a man of most limited means, and, under the circumstances, the allowance mentioned is princely in its munificence."

"Oh, my word! You 'ave upset me, Mr. Levett. It's 'orrible to 'ave common relations who aren't even rich, don't you think? Riches is the only excuse for commonness, to my mind."

"Pardon me," said Jack stiffly; "you are deluded in thinking that Mr. Dunn was in any way inferior to his wife or her sister. For my part, I can only say I am proud to count him among my friends"; and Jack stalked off in high dudgeon.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Mr. Lawson meditatively. "To think of Ada's old brother-in-law turning out to be not so rich or so common as we thought. 'E must be something particular if that young swell counts 'im among 'is friends; for a more unfriendly, stuck-up chap I never met! 'E won't chum with me at any price. But I'm glad to 'ear Ada's people aren't as common as I thought. I despise commonness, and 'ave always prided myself on being quite the gentleman; but I can't help feeling a bit 'urt at that young Levett not being more affable."

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And it was several days before Mr. Lawson's self-satisfaction recovered from the bruise Jack had administered to it.

When Jack Levett reached home, he endeavored to persuade Peter to cease to deny himself for the sake of such worthless people as the Lawsons; but in vain.

"Bless you, sir, I don't do it to please them—I do it to please my Mary; and she'd set her heart on Ada bein' quite the lady."

"But they are so ungrateful—so unworthy," argued Jack; "and I don't believe the money does them any real good."

Peter laughed. "But that don't matter to me," he said. "I do what Mary wanted, and I don't bother about anything else. If Mary had wanted me to throw my money into the river, into the river my money would ha' gone. I don't want money's worth for my money; I only want to please my Mary. The 'Squire spends his money on hunters not because he wants to kill foxes for food, but because he loves huntin' for its own sake; you spend your time on cricket not because you are paid for it, but because you love cricket for its own sake; and pleasin' Mary is my huntin' and cricket, don't you see?"

"That's it, is it?" said Jack, quietly.

"The only joy I ever had in my life was Mary, and the only pleasure I have now is doin' what I think Mary would wish. And when I meet my Mary again, I know she'll be rare glad to hear how I have toiled and saved to please her; and as to how the Lawsons spent the money—why, bless you, Master Jack! do you suppose that when me and my Mary are together once more, we'll be worrying our heads about such rubbish as the spendin' o' money?"

And Jack Levett felt that he ought to take off his hat and stand bare-headed in the presence of "the man that married Mary."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Philadelphia, August 6, 1898

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The Possibilities of the Individual

PROGRESS is the keynote of individual development. It is daily growth. Growth is but the progressive realization of new possibilities. It shows man that he has no permanent limitations; all seeming bounds are but temporary, and may be gradually removed as man develops himself in harmony with law and truth. One of the elements in the individual which weakens his confidence is that he thinks too much of his weakness in some line, accepts it as hopeless, and falls back on the coward's defense for all inability: "I am as I was born, and so I must remain."

But man must never surrender. He is put into the world with certain powers, but these he can use as he will, permit them to weaken and become almost rudimentary through disuse, or develop them almost to the perfection of genius, through his confidence in them and in constantly calling them into action in daily life. Man has two creators, his God and himself. By the full use of his possibilities he may almost recreate himself. But too often man throws the whole responsibility of his failures on heredity and accepts with calm satisfaction his success as the result of his own efforts. When he succeeds he proclaims himself a self-made man; when he fails he says "I am as God made me."

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Man feels the stern compelling power of heredity and rebels against its seeming injustice, but he has one remedy to fight it—that is, his own education, his own living. There is one thought of awful seriousness to man: that he is preparing the heredity of his children; that the life he leads is to become theirs; that where his ends, theirs begins; that his life is their heredity.

But there is a wonderful thought of strength and consolation to offset this; proper training in one life may modify and change what is the product of ages of growth or their equal in one generation. William R. Wallace shows that white trappers in a few years learn to surpass the North American Indians in following the trail. The marvelous development of sight, hearing and scent that reaches the Indian through generations of heredity is equaled and surpassed in the white men by a few years' training. In the schools of Australia, on the coast line, children of the Blackfellows, two or three generations removed from the aborigines, equal in many respects the children of the whites.

True, education will do much, more than is commonly believed to lessen the differences between those born with strong power through heredity and those in whom these powers are so faint as to seem hardly a germ of ability. Heredity and education or environment are both vital factors in forming man for good or evil, and man must recognize that both must be considered as of almost equal importance. The danger is in throwing the whole responsibility of life on either one, while neither is all in itself. The question of the inheritance of acquired characteristics, we have not space to consider.

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Morbid introspection, that emphasizes and magnifies all the weakness or undevelopment it finds in the individual, is a traitor in the camp of individuality.

It lies to the individual; it tells him he can not when he can; it tells him others are his superiors in all things when they are but using what he permits to lie idle. Their superiority is action; it is not, perhaps, in mental capital, it is only that their capital is invested and producing dividends. The success of the great should be a stimulus, a glorious incentive to the weak, not a stumbling block. We should regard the manifestation of strength where we are weak, but what may we become if we but pay the price to attain it?

The sublime masterpieces of genius may be beyond us in attainment, but the characteristics of mind and life that made them great can also be ours. Any genius is but the vitalizing under strong developing conditions of elements of strength. We may never be Lincolns, but we can develop the manliness, untiring energy, the courage, the liberal-mindedness, and all those other elements that made Lincoln possible in the position in which he was placed. To us may be given no opportunity to lead millions of soldiers to glory and slaughter, to win a name that will speak only of omnipotence in war, of supreme power of men; but we can all be Napoleons in miniature if we cultivate his self-control, his unity of purpose, his strength, his command of himself. He conquered the world because he developed that within which made him conquer himself—conquer himself, so far as he needed—to conquer the world.

The developments that in him were seen in the splendor of fighting Europe as a background—may be seen in us only in quickened power and command in our little circle of life and effort. This is how we should look at the work of all who seem our superiors; not to dishearten us from effort, but by showing what is possible to give greater clearness to his vision, greater faith in his work, greater individual confidence.

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Beware of the Peace-Makers

OUR conflict with Spain has been rich in developments; it has taught the world much that is new in the art of waging war. It is the first war in history entered upon purely for humanity. For the first time giant battle-ships of the most powerful modern type have been actually tried in conflict. For the first time a small fleet destroyed a hostile fleet of formidable size, without the loss of a single man or a single ship. For the first time a heavily armored battle-ship made a cruise of 14,000 miles—and including the dangerous Cape Horn trip—without sustaining the slightest injury. For the first time a squadron, equipped with the latest and most approved death-dealing guns, was annihilated in an hour, and succeeded in killing only one man of the enemy's forces. For the first time in the present century the American nation arose as one man, sank partisan feeling, forgot sectional differences, and engaged in a foreign war with the sole idea of putting an end to Spanish oppression at our gates.

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But now, after having met with so many reverses, Spain is seriously considering peace. An alliance between Germany, France and Russia is said to have been formed with a view to arranging the terms. But at this juncture the President steps in, and for the first time in history a ruler announces that no mediator, no mercenary peace-maker, will be recognized. The full import of this decision is apparent when it is recalled that, with the exception of Germany at the end of its war with France, in 1870-1871, no nation has been permitted by other Powers to enjoy to the full the fruit of victory, or retain even what the defeated party has willingly relinquished.

In 1878, at the conclusion of the war in which Russia had shed rivers of blood to rescue the Balkan States from the oppression of the Turk, England, Austria and Germany kindly offered to "arrange matters." As their fee for this unselfish act, England took Cyprus, Austria appropriated Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Germany took all she could of what remained. Russia, as the visible signs of her victory, received only the Sultan's empty promise to pay an indemnity of $60,000,000—after twenty years the receipt is not yet signed.

After the close of the Chino-Japanese war, victor and vanquished met and agreed on an indemnity of about $125,000,000 and the cession to Japan of territory on the Chinese mainland. Those National walking delegates, the Great Powers, stepped in and compelled Japan to relinquish the Chinese grants, to accept the wholly undesirable province of Korea, and to cut down the indemnity by half. The Great Powers, to reward themselves for their noble act of self-sacrifice, retained as their unearned share of the spoils the most promising portions of the Celestial Empire, and passed the empty plate back to Japan. Verily the lot of the peacemaker is blessed!

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In the recent Græco-Turkish war, the great Powers have stripped the Turk of absolutely every advantage gained in the clash of battle. The conquered province of Thessaly has been restored to the vanquished, and the war indemnity cut down to one-fifth of the amount agreed upon by Turkey and Greece. These few crumbs which the starving Powers have managed to pick up incidentally as the meagre returns of their valuable assistance have but whetted their appetites, and in the ending of our war they scent a feast.

But in this they are destined to be disappointed. This war has been a war with Spain alone. It was entered upon with no promise of assistance from any Power; it primarily concerns no other nation. No assistance was asked; none has been needed. The war has been conducted without the advice or the support of any other nation; it will be settled without the meddling of any third party. No European Power, hiding its covetous claws beneath the soft fur of diplomacy, can perform the nobly unselfish act of "arranging matters." The United States claims as a privilege what it has granted to others as a right—the privilege of handling its conquered foes in its own way, without paying any exorbitant brokers' fees to the peace-maker. If this stand should involve us in another war, let it come! Meddling will not be allowed; interference will not be countenanced. America is no longer the infant among nations; she is big enough, strong enough and great enough to manage her own affairs, to guard her own interests.

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The Man Behind the Gun

THE bravery of our officers and men, the excellence of our ships and their equipment, have contributed to the defeat of the Spaniards on the sea; but the man behind the gun has been the deciding factor in every engagement of this war. It is to him that the naval supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon is unquestionably due.

When Sir Francis Drake and Richard Hawkins went out to give battle to the great vessels of the "Most Fortunate Armada," they saw a fleet of one hundred and thirty galleons and galleasses, "with lofty turrets like castles, in front like a half moon, the wings thereof spreading out about the length of seven miles." Drake had forty ships of various kinds—pigmies alongside the great wooden fortresses of Philip. They had no gilded fore-and-after castles, no bright emblazonment. Their bows were bluff, their build sturdy, and through the open ports were thrust the shiny brass pieces, grim and menacing.

On the galleons was an ecstasy of egotism; but the muscles of the crews were flaccid and their nerves unwrung by the glory of it all.

Elizabeth had grumbled unceasingly at the money wasted in target practice; but Drake and Howard had gone on calmly until there was not a gun Captain in the fleet who could not hit a hulk in the range of his gun.

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On the flanks of the gorgeous pageant they hung like bull-dogs, baying out their iron greeting, sweeping across the wake, showing their teeth, and raking the Spaniards with deadly effect. Several of the big galleons tried to close, but the stragglers were surrounded and pulled down by sheer strength. They were out-sailed and out-cannoned, and the English shot told terribly on the crowded decks.

What Drake accomplished at Plymouth Jervis did at St. Vincent, Nelson at the Nile, and Sampson and Schley at Santiago.

Look along the breech of the ancient English piece of 1590, the sturdy cannonade of 1790, or the rifled monster of to-day. You will see a pair of honest eyes, glowing with intent under their shaggy brows, and a jaw shaped with the squareness of purpose. He is the man behind the gun. Mighty Saxon fleets have come and gone, but the man behind the gun has not changed. He remains the typification of training and manhood. From Empire and Expansion, parents of marine invention, has been born naval ingenuity. The evolution of the battle-ship, from the Great Griffin of Drake to the Oregon of to-day, has been a development in which nearly every nation has had a part.

The superiorities of the ships of one nation have been quickly noted and grafted into those of another. To-day, matters of armor and armament are to all intents and purposes the same. Drake had a longer range than the Spaniards, but he defeated them at close quarters, too. Dewey fought a long-distance battle, but the result would have been the same nearer at hand. Schley exchanged shot for shot and lost one man and no ships, as compared with the fearful havoc among the men of Cervera.

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How, then, can the fleets of the Anglo-Saxons—other things being equal or unequal—continue through the ages victorious over the ships of the other nations of the world? What moral or physical power has one race of men over another? Is it strength, or is it valor? Is it spirit, or is it skill? The test of history removes the personal element. Chance can play no part in a sequence of events as persistent as death itself.

It is none of these things, and yet it is all of them. Valor alone can not win such fights. Physical strength is the birthright of all men. Skill comes of brains, marksmanship and good material. Spirit can come from one body of men as it can from another. The Latin behind the gun has some of these qualities; the Anglo-Saxon has all of them. The Spaniard has valor and spirit; but it is not the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon. Pride will not give him the persistence that the Saxon has by right of birth. Spanish discipline is the discipline of monarchy—not that of man and man; and the Latin behind the gun is a creature of circumstances—not of choice. He is a gunner because he must be—not because he wants to be. The Saxon sailor-man is behind the gun because he has shown that he has the right to be there, and wants to be. To his marksmanship has been due the Saxon success since the days of Drake; to him is due our success to-day; and so long as we have him we are invinciable.

Spain now knows what it all means. France, Germany, Italy and Austria suspect it, while the Lion of England looks stoically at his "whelp" across the water and knows that his breed is safe.

On the Joys of Borrowing

By G. S. STREET

I DO not mean asking a famous financier down to your place to shoot, and concluding a dignified and magnificent mortgage ere he drives away. Nor do I refer to borrowing half a crown from the butler. These extreme incidents of an advanced civilization are not my theme, but rather that middle course appertaining to modest men, who are not without a shilling for a cab, but "simply must" raise a few hundreds before Thursday week.

There is, as Charles Lamb has told us, a "great race" of borrowers, great and grand men who "call all the world up to be taxed," irresistible, genial fellows, who "anticipate no excuse and find none." Alas! either we are fallen on a mean age, or the present writer is not of this race, for he finds the excuses of destined borrowers inexhaustible. Mean, sordid, commercial excuses they are, lamentably wanting in nobility and frankness. As a rule, indeed, the excuses insult you by their utter inadequacy.

One man has promised his grandmother never to lend; another has promised your great-aunt never to lend to you. That, by the way, is an instance of the depth of malignancy possible to some people: they not only will not lend themselves, but go out of their way to prevent other people acting in a more generous spirit, as a sort of cowardly cloak and support to their own meanness. I suppose they are infected by the popular paradoxes of the period when they say they wish "to save you from yourself," but the remark has always seemed to me as heartless as it is foolish.

When excuses fail your friends, you meet with blank refusals. Few people, of course, are such savages as to say "'No" with a serious air; and if it is still a question of Thursday week and not of next Thursday, you may enjoy their attempted joviality.

"Want five hundred? My dear fellow; so do I. I wish you'd tell me how to get it."

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You turn from this clown to another, who says: "A hundred? I hope you'll get it: I couldn't raise a fiver if I tried."

And then the brute goes home to his large (and unencumbered) house and indulges a huge appetite.

A third pretends to believe you are in fun, and tells you a professedly amusing story about a man who went to Holloway. You laugh to keep him in a good humor; but "it ain't never no good," to use the phrase of a philosopher.

Your friends failing, you think of professional relievers of the distressed. Alas! again. The habitual insolvent knows that this also is vanity. Arrived at years of discretion, he reflects, not so much on exorbitant interest—which, if he must have the money by next Thursday, he does not mind—as on the little matter of security. Perchance, however, he remembers his guileless youth; what time he went the round of all the money-lenders in town—remembers the awful moments in the ante-rooms of the great ones, the old masters and ancient armour, and then the very polite, but searching questions, and the bland but impregnable refusal. Or he remembers, perchance, calling on one of the little ones, who received him in his shirt sleeves.

"'Undred, capting? 'Ave two 'undred. 'Ave five 'undred."

"Thank you; I'll have five hundred."

"We shall 'ave to send a man to look at yer 'ouse."

But the roof which sheltered the youthful financier from the wind and rain sheltered also his people, and so the proposal collapsed.

Remembering these things, the habitual insolvent reflects that years, which have brought wisdom, have not brought security or a house of his own.

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Yes, the way of the borrower, the modest borrower, is hard. But there are compensations. Though he may not be of "the great race," he has yet his moments of exaltation. After the first depression, the absolute necessity of raising that five hundred gives one a pleasant glow, a feeling of breadth and openness, a generous good-fellowship. You are freed from the very pettiest of economies. When you recognize the necessity of raising many pounds at a coup, it is plain folly to care of the pence. What are 'buses to you? You take a hansom by the day. You dare not let yourself think, and so you go round the town. The feeling is very like (I should imagine) that of coming suddenly into a fortune. But one who comes suddenly into a fortune cannot indulge his feeling of expansiveness for fear of being thought vulgar, whereas the loan-hunter is a spend-thrift chartered by all nice people.

A pleasant time, and it cannot last long enough for its joys to pall. That is so satisfactory to remember. Thursday week is on its way, and then—and then——

EDITOR'S NOTE—This amusing little essay is from Some Notes of a Struggling Genius, by G. S. Street. Published by John Lane, New York.

THE THREE MOST HEROIC DEEDS IN AMERICAN NAVAL HISTORY

D. G. Farragut

III. FARRAGUT IN MOBILE BAY

By GEORGE GIBBS

WITH DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR

IT WAS Friday, the fifth of August, 1864. The first violet streaks of dawn stole through the purple clouds that the wind had tossed up during the night. Admiral Farragut sat in his cabin, quietly sipping his tea, his fleet Captain, Drayton, by his side. Through the open ports they could see the dim masses of the ships of the fleet as, lashed two and two, they stretched in a long line to seaward. The wind no longer blew, and the shrill pipes and the creaking of the blocks as the light yards came down echoed clearly across the silent water.

"How is the wind, Drayton?" said the Admiral at last.

Drayton walked to the port.

"About west sou'west, sir, I should say."

The Admiral smiled.

"A good omen. Our smoke will blow over their batteries.

He raised his cup, drained it, and set it back on its saucer. Then he rose to his feet and walked slowly up and down the cabin, looking first at his watch and then out through the starboard gallery, where the fleet lay. He turned, his genial face all aglow in the cool light of the morning, and reached to the table for his side-arms.

The moment had arrived.

"Well, Drayton," he said, "we might as well get under way at once."

Drayton knew, and Farragut knew, that the momentous day before them would decide the fate of the West Gulf and of the nation in the South. It was the supreme moment in the Admiral's career. But as he clasped his sword belt his hands were as firm as though on inspection.

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With a cheery "Aye, aye, sir," Drayton went out the door and up the companion, and soon the deck above resounded with the nimble feet as the men sprang joyfully to quarters. Old Knowles, the Quartermaster, deftly sent his little ball of bunting, ready for an hour, to the yard-arm, and in a moment the row of multi-colored flags, tipped with the glow of the brightened East, fluttered proudly out into the morning breeze.

Then the bright answering pennants flew up from all the vessels of the fleet, and the black smoke poured from their dusky funnels as the white water churned up behind them on their way into line.

The Admiral, on the quarter-deck, glass in hand, saw the black turrets of the monitors, with their grim, shiny muzzles, drift slowly inland toward the batteries, not a ripple showing behind them as they moved on their deadly mission toward the frowning battlements of Fort Morgan. Ahead of the Hartford was the broad stern of the Brooklyn, as she churned her way slowly onward, her smoke drifting in great clouds over her starboard bow toward the water batteries. Beside the Admiral, one hand on the rail, was Drayton, cool as though in a practice drill, and as he looked over the swarthy backs that shone bare in the morning sun he knew well that the flag ship would give a good account of herself.

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Behind him stood Watson, Gates, McKinley and Brownell watching the progress of the monitors. The calmness of the scene was sublime. Only an occasional order to the tackle-men, given in a quiet voice by the gun captains, showed the deadly work ahead.

As the Hartford drew into range, the Admiral walked over to the main rigging and clambered up into the shrouds, and his men below him at the batteries lovingly watched their "old man," as step by step he mounted to get a clearer view. They knew him for a gallant old sea-dog. They had seen him steam by the batteries at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and they smiled at his sternness at the capture of New Orleans, for they loved him. But at Mobile they learned that he feared nothing above the ocean or under it if it stood in the way of the cause of his country. At this point Farragut stood a few feet above Jouett, on the wheel-house of the Metacomet alongside, and could hail the top above him, where Freeman, his trusty pilot, gave him his soundings and bearings.

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At length the battle opened. A great puff of white smoke rolled along the water from the turret of the Tecumseh, and a yellow cloud of dust above the water batteries marked where the shot had struck. Fort Morgan immediately replied, and as the gunners got the range the angry splash of the shots as they skipped across the water came clearly to the crew of the Hartford, who stood at their guns silent and motionless. As the shots rained about them and great white splinters were torn from the nettings and flew across the decks, they only looked up at their Admiral, who, leaning slightly forward, was slowly scanning the breastworks. In his face there was no impatience, no irritation, no sign of anxiety, and while he could calmly wait, they could. The courage of the leader was reflected in his men. It was the very perfection of human discipline.

"ALL UNCONSCIOUS OF HIMSELF, THINKING ONLY OF THE GREAT MOVEMENTS ABOUT HIM"

Would the order to fire never come? Already a fragment of shell had struck a gun captain in the breast, and they saw him carried by them, moaning piteously. A shot had struck the fore mast, and a jagged splinter from the main mast flew up and lodged in the rigging below where the Admiral stood. At last they saw him take the glass from his eyes, and, turning toward Captain Drayton, hold up his hand.

At last! The guns, already trained, belched forth their iron greeting to the gunboats, and the battle was on in earnest. Calm before, the men were calmer now, and they went about their work as though at target practice. The powder-boys flew like sprites, and the gunners sponged and loaded with rapidity. It was as if each gun and its crew were parts of one mechanism.

"Steady, boys, steady. Left tackle a little. So, so."

And then came another broadside, followed by an eager cheer as the enemy were driven away from their water battery.

As the smoke from the broadsides increased and obscured his view, the Admiral, ratline by ratline, ascended the rigging, until he found himself partly above the futtock bands and holding on to the futtock shrouds. The watchful eye of Drayton saw him perched high up, all unconscious of himself, thinking only of the great movements about him. A shock, and he would be thrown into the sea. The Captain gave an order to Knowles, the Quartermaster, who lay aloft briskly with a piece of lead-line. The Admiral didn't even see him, and only when Knowles passed the line around him did Farragut take his glasses down. "Never mind," said he with a smile, "I'm all right." But the Quartermaster lashed him, nevertheless, and lay below.

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Then, from his lofty position, the Admiral saw a magnificent but terrible thing. The monitor Tecumseh was well up with the fort, and drawing slowly on, when, without a warning, a great column of water shot up under her starboard bow. She heeled over to port, and went down, with every soul on board. She had struck a torpedo. Captain Craven, in his eagerness to engage the Tennessee in battle, had passed to the west of the fatal buoy.

This disaster was not immediately realized by the men. Some supposed the Tennessee had been sunk, and cheer after cheer was taken up and echoed along the line.

But the Admiral knew the danger that was coming. His anxiety was not decreased when the Brooklyn, just ahead of him, suddenly stopped. The frown on his brows deepened, and loudly he hailed his pilot, Freeman, in the top, a few feet above him.

"What's the matter with the Brooklyn?" he shouted. "She must have plenty of water there."

Freeman's head appeared promptly at the lubbers' hole.

"Plenty and to spare, Admiral," he answered.

Then the Admiral knew. Captain Alden had seen the Tecumseh go down, and the heavy line of torpedoes across the channel made him pause. The backing screw churned up the water, and the Hartford every moment was bearing down on her. The vessels in the rear, pressing on those in the van, created a terrible confusion, and in the uncertainty the batteries of Farragut's ships ceased fire, while the whole of Mobile Point was a living flame. Disaster was imminent.

But not a second did Farragut pause. A harsh voice from the Hartford broke the brief, but ominous silence.

"What's the trouble?"

Then Alden's voice from the Brooklyn answered:

"Torpedoes."

"Damn the torpedoes!" shouted the Admiral. "Four bells. Captain Drayton, go ahead. Jouett, full speed."

And the Hartford dashed forward, passed the Brooklyn, and assumed the head of the column.

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Over the line of mines they flew at full speed, and the men below could hear them as they scraped along the hull. It was the one way out of the difficulty, and a second's hesitation would have closed even this escape from a frightful calamity. The Admiral looked astern at the manœuvring of his vessels with a smile of satisfaction. It was a magnificent sight. At first they appeared to be fouling each other in dire confusion, at the mercy of the guns which still belched forth a merciless fire. But as the Hartford dashed forward, one by one, as if by magic, they took their places. And he knew a grand tactical movement had been accomplished.

Nor did he forget the poor men of the Tecumseh, struggling in the water where their ship had gone down, but, climbing down the rigging, ordered Jouett to lower a boat immediately and pick up the survivors.

The Hartford was nearly a mile ahead before the line could be straightened, and single-handed she fought the batteries and the gun-boats, making straight for Buchanan's invincible ram, the Tennessee. Amid the fire of shot and bursting shell the Admiral walked calmly back to his quarter-deck,

giving a word of advice here and an order there. But soon the other vessels were able to pour in a storm of shot and shell that completely silenced the batteries.

One by one he saw the gunboats sink, until only the Tennessee had to be accounted for. The Admiral tried to ram her, and the solid shot of his broadsides rolled down her iron sides, but she slipped away, pouring in a terrific fire at close range. She riddled the Brooklyn, Richmond and Monongahela, all three of which dashed at her, bows on, at full speed. The Admiral again struck her a fearful blow, but apparently with no effect whatever.

The ram had one great advantage; she was surrounded by enemies, and could fire continually, while the Union vessels had to use the utmost care not to fire into or collide with one another. An accident of this kind now happened to Farragut's ship. The Hartford and the Lackawanna were both making at full speed for the ram. The Hartford had the better position, and the Lackawanna, sheering off to avoid another ship, ran into the quarter of the flagship, just by where the Admiral was standing, cutting her down nearly to the water's edge. The shock of the impact nearly took him off his feet, but in a moment he was climbing over the side to see what damage had been done.

His crew thought he was looking out for himself. Immediately there was a cry: "Get the Admiral out of the ship." The whole thought of his crew, unmindful of themselves, was to get him to a place of safety. It was a mere sudden impulse. But Farragut was not the man to look to himself. Having satisfied himself that the Hartford could last, he again gave the order, "Full speed," and set his prow again for the Tennessee.

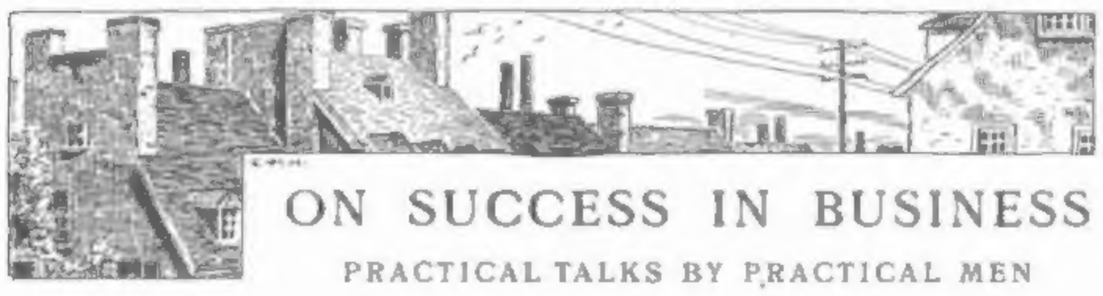
But in the meanwhile the monitors had been hammering away at her with their heavy shot. Her rudder and smokestack were shot away, and her shutters jammed, and as the Hartford bore down upon her for the third time, she showed her white flag and surrendered.

The Hartford was greatly cut up—twenty-five killed and twenty-eight wounded, but the Admiral hadn't a scratch to show for his deadly encounters. He came on deck just as the poor fellows who had been killed were being carefully laid out on the port side of the quarter-deck.

"It was a great victory, Drayton," said he sadly, "but——"

And the men saw him turn aside, tears coursing down his cheeks.

In truth "there is nothing half so melancholy as a battle lost, except a battle won."



ON SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

PRACTICAL TALKS BY PRACTICAL MEN

Some Essentials of Business Success

ONE of the essentials in the establishment and success of a business is the ability to conduct it so that the support of the public becomes assured, says the Stove and Hardware Reporter. The best means by which this can be done is to appeal to the self-interest of the purchasing portion of it. As an example, one could refer to the general store, where it will be found that when goods of a similar quality to those in other stores can be bought for a lower price, that is the store which attracts most trade. When this economy in price is also made more attractive by more courtesy and attention on the part of the clerks, the popularity of the store becomes greatly enhanced. If people will take time to consider the origin and growth of a successful business concern, they will find that the manager of it was a man who possessed great forethought, judgment, common sense, tact and individuality, and a clearness of vision which enabled him to look ahead and forestall any unpleasant contingency or take advantage of good opportunities. This is about all any successful merchant has to do. It sounds very easy, but it is very difficult, unless nature has given a man the fortunate temperament which assures and secures this happy combination. At the bottom of all solid, lasting success must be sound sense—no wandering off into irrelevant matters, but a fixed intention of working with a singleness of purpose which will attain its end if it is united with ability and intelligence. There is no witchcraft in it, as many are fond of thinking when reviewing the life of an eminently successful man. If he happened to be a merchant, his good fortune was his ability to give his store some individuality in the goods offered; the store service and a general willingness to supply the current demands of his customers.

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The Magicians of Trade

THE failure of Ernest Terah Hooley is a break in the line of professional promoters, says the Commercial Advertiser. It is seldom that a promoter fails. It is their victims who fail. The companies they form often fail—when they are safely out of the promoter's hands. The persons who trust promoters and invest in promoted companies more than they can afford to lose are liable to fail. Thus the collapse of a promoter is a healthful sign. It may dampen the business of promoting.

The fact has now developed that Hooley has promoted companies with capital stocks aggregating $65,000,000 and that since the companies were floated their stocks have depreciated an average of forty per cent. This warning will not be forgotten by the public. It will never pay $60,000,000, nor the tithe of that sum for any more stocks invented by Mr. Hooley. So his collapse is a national warning and blessing.

Comparisons have been drawn between Hooley and Barney Barnato, Colonel E. P. North, the nitrate king, and Cecil Rhodes. They are not apt. Colonel North and Rhodes fall in a different class. They are not to be numbered with the Prince Fortunatuses of business, the wizards of finance who create great fortunes out of nothing. The Norths and the Rhodeses are men of legitimate, serious business. They made fortunes out of the earth and out of its resources. Hooley made his fortune out of human nature and its weaknesses.

The promoter deals in such stuff as dreams are made of, and coins good round dollars for himself out of merchandise in dreams. He sells nothings, but he sweats out of his nothings substantial profits. What Hooley has done with his profits passes conjecture.

The promoter is not a new type, though he has flourished more within the last thirty-seven years than in all the previous history of the world. John Law and the authors of the South Sea scheme were the most famous early promoters, and the world never took warning by the losses of their victims. The craze for promoting in the United States is a product of the business boom that followed the Rebellion, and in England it dates from the Corporations Act of 1861, the beginning of limited liability companies.

Such companies, then first authorized, began in a legitimate way, and for years their operations were confined to legitimate practices. But soon the ease of creating companies developed the business of company hatching. Sharp, smooth fellows went into organizing companies as a trade, and it was indifferent to them whether they capitalized a brewery, a railroad or a West Australian mine. Anything was grist that came to their mill. They had no specialty, except selling shares. The business has so swollen that to-day Great Britain has no less than 23,728 limited liability companies, with a total paid-up capital of 1,285,042,021 pounds, estimated at one-tenth of the entire wealth of the United Kingdom. The yearly average of new promotions is, now 1,272 companies, with 67,000,000 pounds capital.

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Taking Relatives Into One's Employ

GEORGE E. B. PUTNAM, writing in Ad Sense, says:

"I know of a dozen cases where partnerships which have lasted for years have been split up because of relatives of one or both partners.

"When I was a boy my father was a partner in a prosperous firm. I wanted to go into the employ of that firm, but my father said 'No.' Later, my brother expressed the same ambition. He got the same set-back. Our father said that if we wished to learn his trade (he was a mechanic) we might apprentice ourselves wherever we could, but not in his establishment.

"And he had a good reason for it.

"For over forty years he and his partner were associated in business, and the only trouble which ever arose between them was when a relative of a partner was employed. That relative was not as good a workman as were the others, yet he was "carried along" because he was a relative. He was less respectful to his employers, because he was a relative. He was not so particular to give a full day's work for a full day's pay, because he was a relative. The other men claimed that he was always favored whenever there was a "soft snap," because he was a relative. It was in the early '60's or late '50's, when strikes were fewer, businesses were smaller, and employers nearer their men than is the case to-day; but there was an incipient strike, or at least a dissatisfaction, because that relative was employed, and that settled it. The man was discharged, and an agreement entered into that henceforth no relative of either partner should be employed. Experience proves that the business and the individual prosper better when no ties of relationship need be considered; when employer and employed are hampered by no kinship."

THE CONFESSIONS OF A NONSENSE POET

HOW I WAS PURSUED BY THE PURPLE COW

By GELETT BURGESS

"I never saw a Purple Cow;
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one."

HIS is the quatrain as I wrote it. Can you see anything in it to achieve the notoriety that it has brought upon me? I cannot escape the animal; she has pursued me from California to New York, and now, when I have fled to London, my Nemesis stalks into drawing-rooms to make me conspicuous. The public knows nothing of the Lark, save that that magazine was the stamping-ground of the Purple Cow; they ignored Phyllida, an Early English maiden whom I chaperoned as an exponent of the "light essay."

Le Petit Journal des Refusées and Enfant Terrible each died before the second number was demanded; Vivette is still struggling through her first edition; but the Purple Cow is alive and kicking, and her lowing haunts me when I would put off motley and sell a Chant-Royal. The quatrain has been translated into at least four different languages (I have no doubt), and has won the touching compliment of parody. But I would I knew the tune that this old cow would die on!

There are, indeed, enough other ways in which to make me uncomfortable, and much as one kindles a back-fire to save at least something from destruction, so I lay bare the embarrassing secrets of my life. Anything is better than a Purple Cow. If it were a bull, now—I have made bulls, too, in my time, but they do not haunt me.

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I was a fool enough, in the first place, for my pains with my education, and I give you freely this handle by which to lash me. One would hardly expect the author of the Purple Cow to be a Bachelor of Science, yet I have had my whack of civil engineering, and all

the good my four years of study and my three years at the draughting table did me was to prove I was no civil engineer, but merely an incipient nonsense poet. I did my time in the field and in the office of the railway, while the Purple Cow was slowly approaching from Dreamland, where she had been consorting with Night-Mares.

Some presentiment of my fate, no doubt, made me make a last attempt to escape my doom. I crossed the continent and the Atlantic, and tried to lose myself in Southern France and Spain. The peasants of the Ardèche pointed at me in every canton, the third-class travelers in Andalusia grinned at me and said words I could not understand. Could they have had prescience of the Cow? Even Mariano, the King of the Gypsies in Granada, led me into his cave, honoring me as one who should achieve something of his bizarre distinction.

But the bellows of the Cow, that was to be, blew me to the West again, and no scrutiny of bloody bull-fights in Sevilla taught me the *coup-de-grâce*. I need no purple cloak to wave in the face of my monster—it is more a question of vaulting the nearest barricade, or of falling off the far side of my horse, when the Cow gores my reputation.

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There were, however, three years of decency left me, and I put on the unbecoming mantle of respectability, and posed with dignity as an instructor in the University of California. I wore it all awry, no doubt, but it served to cloak some of my spangles, and the Faculty did not know, in my disguise, whom they were harboring. A few eyebrows were lifted when it transpired that I had turned amateur iconoclast, and the cast-iron statue of Doctor Coggswell, in San Francisco, is now a thing of legend and tradition—legends, however, somewhat too closely connected with my name, for my accomplices were indiscreet. What my dignity suffered, however, Art gained, and the effigy of a living quack-doctor (three-quarters size) does not now greet the tourist as he debouches from the ferry of 'Frisco.

We plunged gaily into journalism then, I and les Jeunes, with whom I still had standing. It was in 1895, and there had just begun a plague of miniature periodicals in the United States. Leading these, but the effect of the same cause of being, the Lark arose, soaring spontaneously, as our friends were good enough to say, and for two years its unconventionality made it warm friends, if not large revenues.

It was in the first number that the Purple Cow appeared, and she was hailed with a storm of sarcastic applause. The Lark exploited several distinct lines of Art and Literature, and their incongruous juxtaposition caught the fancy of the few, and set its pages as a sort of crux of a certain whimsical humor.

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As fast as our policy crystalized, les Jeunes started another periodical still more *outré*, as a protest against convention. Le Petit Journal des Refusées, purporting to contain only articles that had been refused by other magazines, was a wonderful sixteen-page trapezoid-shaped affair, printed on wall-paper, each number of a different pattern, and illuminated with atrocious decorations. It was sheer nonsense in its most debased form—irreverent, atrocious and unsuccessful.

It was tossed into prominence by the horns of no Purple Cow, however, and lasted but one number. The next attempt was with Phyllida; or, The Milkmaid, in the hope that the subtle relations between her and the Cow aforesaid might give the folio prestige. It was printed in the style of the Tatler, with old types cast for us from old matrices cut in 1740; but Phyllida's manner did not save Phyllida's matter, and she committed suicide at the early age of four weeks.

California soon grew too small for a poet who could chase a quatrain into so many editorial sanctums, and I mounted bareback on the Cow and rode gayly into New York. The brute had been there before me in the wilderness, and I ran the gantlet of obvious quotations. To such of the editors who had escaped her visits I sold stories—it is enough to say that they have been paid for.

And to all this add Vivette—a sparkling novelette which, I am assured, has its weak points. I have myself made fun of her in the public prints, pointing out its cleverly impossible style and its charmingly fanciful improbabilities, but I cannot divert the attention of the public, still keen on Purple Cows. Thus I have been cruel, only to be Kine.

I shall not speak of my latest effort, Enfant Terrible, published in New York on All Fools' Day. No one has ever heard of it, except in preliminary announcements, and so I would not have that mad monthly lose prestige. The Infant was born great, but had oblivion thrust upon it in the shape of acres of publishers' advertisements. The public would neither take it seriously nor humorously; they would not take it at all.

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But the Purple Cow has enemies at last, and I propose to kill her fame with Goops. If you have never seen a Goop, there is still hope for you. The Liverbone Goop is a thing of wire and chewing-gum—one "contangent harmonious loop," in fact—and is history.

Should this fail to exterminate the Cow, a whole family of Goop babies, already in the custody of St. Nicholas, will do their best to rival the quatrain with their Manuals of Manners for Polite Infants.

And so I have come to London to slaughter the Cow. I shall kill her with essays, if I can write any deadly enough. I shall tire her patience with a tedious romance; or, if worst comes to worst, spring poems must be forgiven me, for I have written poems, too, in my day—witness this little plaint, the summation of my trials—

"The Window has four little Panes,
But one have I!
The Window-Pains are in its Sash;
I wonder Why!

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article, by Gelett Burgess, appeared in The Sketch, of London.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

Results of American Occupation of Cuba

American occupation of Cuba, either permanent or of sufficient length to insure the establishment of a stable and respons ble Government there, will yield two conditions of incalculable value to the United States. The first will be the minimizing if not the absolute extinction, of the causes of [illegible] fever, by means of the sanitary agen[illegible] have rescued Memphis, New Orleans, [illegible] other Southern cities from periodic epidemics. The fever that ran its course in Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi and Texas last year was not due to original local conditions, but was brought from Cuban ports.

Under modern treatment, its course was comparatively brief. The second condition will be the foretelling of approaching tornadoes that play serious havoc with the shipping in the Caribbean Sea generally. In view of the fact that our Government expects an unusually large commercial interest to be developed in the waters of the West Indies within the very near future, it has already taken measures to make practical this condition by organizing a system of weather service stations on the southern coast of Cuba and at other advantageous points.

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News from the Forgotten Klondike

The first official report of the se[illegible] from the Klondike mining region indicated that about 30 000 persons crossed the summits of the passes on their journey to the gold fields during the past winter; that at least 20,000 more afterward went down the rivers beyond Bennett, that a conservative estimate of this season's w ashup would show an aggregate yield of about $20,000,000, and that this amount represented only a small part of the workable field.

Canadian experts believe that the part of the great gold field on the Canadian side of the boundary line is capable of yielding from $200,000,000 to $300,000,000 in the near future. It is estimated at from 550 to 600 miles in length, and from 100 to 150 miles in width. On the American side of the boundary the gold belt is believed to be 300 miles in length. All of the gold bearing streams of Alaska, as far as discovered, head in the vicinity of the Tanana River and flow toward the northeast. Careful surveys appear to indicate that the great Tanana Valley will afford the most profitable mining to be found in Alaska for several years to come.

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A War Loan That Was Truly Popular

The closing of the period allowed for popular subscriptions to the first war loan afforded an opportunity for judging the heartiness of the people in the war for humanity. Nearly 300,000 bids for bonds in all amounts from $20 upward were received by the Treasury Department, and aggregated about $1,365 000,000. Bids for amounts of $500 and less numbered more than 228,000, and called for $84,300,000 and there were bids for amounts of $500 and over calling for $770,000,000. Each of two syndicates of banks and financial institutions offered to take the total issue, a third syndicate bid for $100,000,000 at a premium, and numerous institutions and bankers bid for amounts ranging from $500,000 to $10,000,000 each.

It should be borne in mind that the total amount of bonds offered was only $200,000,000, and that the annual interest—three per cent—was less than the usual commercial and savings banks' rate. If the Government had not decided to give small subscribers the preference, the whole loan would have been taken by large syndicates, willing to pay several millions in premium, in three days.

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How the President is Sticking to His Text

President McKinley, despite powerful influences to the contrary, is holding the Army and Navy down to the declared object of the war with a firm hand. He is too practical a man and too earnest an executive to pay attention to the red tape formulas of bureaucism, and his peremptory order concerning the departure of the Porto Rico expedition was not the first one that showed that he was the actual Commander-in Chief. To put an end to the war in Cuba and to Spanish rule there, in the name of humanity, civilization, and endangered American interests, has been his object from the beginning. Those who differed with him last Spring, when he opposed the recognition of the Republic of Cuba, to a large extent now applaud him.

To secure speedy peace he has insisted on a quick and persistent prosecution of war. Instead of turning Santiago over to the Cuban insurgents, as they had expected, he decided on prompt measures to rid the island forever of the surrendered Spanish soldiers, gave the city a code of laws for its temporary government that is unique in political and military history, and then hastened his forces off to Porto Rico.

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The Silver Issue in Brown University

It is an unusual proceeding for the President of a long-established and well endowed university to resign his office to undertake a city superintendency of public schools. In withdrawing from Brown University to take charge of the public schools of Chicago, Dr. Elisha Benjamin Andrews not only terminates a long and distinguished career in the line of higher education, but at the same time relieves himself from official trammels that could only weaken conscientious educational effort.

About a year ago an opposition to him [illegible] developed by his advocacy of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, which resulted in a formal communication to him from a committee of the corporation, his resignation of the presidency, an appeal from the corporation for the withdrawal of the resignation, and his resumption of university work. In the present change, Brown University sustains a heavy loss, and Doctor Andrews gains a greater liberty for his voice and pen.

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With Whom the Philippines Trade

Just what countries have commercial interests in the Philippine Islands and the relative proportion of those interests are settled unequivocally by the record of arrivals and departures of vessels of all flags at Manila, Iloilo, and Cebu, the open ports. During 1897 the total arrivals w[illegible] which 617 were from [illegible]n, 47 from Spain, 31 from Germany, 24 from the Uni[illegible] States, 21 from Norway, and 10 from Jap[illegible] The departures numbered 322, and were in the same proportion. Great Britain's arrivals included 150 steamships and Germany's 28. Manila is the principal port, and its customs during the month of February last, now just reported, aggregated $433,019—an increase of nearly $68,000 over those of the preceding February. Great Britain, therefore, has the largest commercial interests in the Philippines. Germany, outside of all political desires, has really a very small material interest in the Philippines.

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Doing an Annual Business of Billions

Revised returns concerning the foreign trade of the United States, during the fis[illegible] year ending June 30, last, show a larger [illegible]ce in our favor than was anticipated, although it was known a month before the year closed that the aggregate would reach a figure of impressive size. The exports of specie and merchandise amounted in value to the large sum of $1,210,274,015, and the imports to $616,052,844, giving us a trade balance of $594,221,171, an amount one hundred per cent. greater than that of the preceding fiscal year. Such a result and subscription of $1,395 000,000 to a $200,000 000 war loan testify unmistakably to our National and popular financial soundness.

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The Surrender of Santiago de Cuba

It really makes little difference practically whether the act of the Spaniards in terminating the hopeless resistance at Santiago de Cuba be termed a capitulation or a surrender. Capitulation is not quite so harsh a word as surrender, and it may be assumed to suggest negotiations in which each party stands on an equal footing. Surrender, on the other hand, might sound to sensitive ears as the outcome of a struggle in which one party was unequivocally defeated. Capitulation is more suggestive possibly, of deliberation, conferences, and concessions. [illegible]neral Shafter demanded an unconditi[illegible] surrender, General Toral insisted [illegible] capitulation under conditions, sub[illegible] cation by his Government, as being more in consonance with the Spanish idea of honor.

The Spaniards demanded the privilege of being allowed to retain their arms—a most unusual term of surrender, and the United States agreed to send the surrendered Army to Spain—also an unusual proceeding but one justified by public policy. The surrender gave the United States possession of Santiago City and a large part of the province of the same name, and relieved the island of about 24,000 Spanish troops.

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Caring for the Wounded in War

No feature of hospital work in the present war has been the subject of such widespread interest among physicians and surgeons as the antiseptic treatment of [illegible]. The results have already shown a [illegible]dvance from the conditions [illegible]isted during the Civil War. In the general list of cases, many of them serious, the treatment has been followed by an absence of the usual accumulation of pus, an absence of a rise of temperature, a quicker healing of the wound, and great alleviation of suffering. The prompt washing of the wound with diluted carbolic acid destroys all microbes liable to cause complications, puts the wound promptly into a benign condition, and leaves the patient more dependent on the nurse than on the surgeon.

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Our Waning Interests in Samoa

The United States first acquired an interest in the Navigator or Samoan Islands in 1872, when the Government was petitioned by the chiefs to annex the group. The short but very brilliant regime of "Premier" [illegible]einberger brought the islands into wide repute. After his expulsion, a treaty was negotiated by the United States, Great Britain and Germany the only nations having commercial interests there worth mentioning, under which a tripartite government was established with an American jurist as chief legal authority.

King Mata'afa was deposed and exiled, [illegible] King Malietoa was reorganized as the chief native authority. Financially, the interests of the United States have never paid its share of the cost of joint occupation, and an abrogation of the treaty has been proposed several times. Now, the three nations have agreed to the native desire for a recall of King Mata afa, and while we are acquiring territory in various parts of the Pacific, Germany claims to have paramount interests in Samoa, and declares we have no rights there.

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Facing New Pension Problems

In view of the fact that about one person out of every seventy of our population now draws a pension from the Federal Government, speculation is already busy with calculations concerning the probable size of our pension list after the close of the present war. Under existing laws our Pension Bureau in 1897 cost $143,037,500, of which $139,949,717 was for pensions proper. The pensions of the Revolutionary war numbered 10; of the war of 1812, 2523; of our various Indian wars, 6262, of the Mexican War, 18,293, and of the Civil War, 963 880, in all, 990,974.

In addition to the Civil War pensioners now on the rolls it is officially estimated that there are at least half a million widows and dependent relatives who have, or at least claim, a pensionable status under existing laws. The total strength of the Union Army and Navy in the Civil War is estimated at 2 244,911; the number living at the close of the war was about 1,727,353; and the deaths during the war aggregated about 507,558. These figures may aid people of a statistical turn in calculating the pension problem which we will have to solve in the near future.

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Newfoundland's Plea in the Conference

The demand of the province of Newfoundland for representation at the American Canadian conference is said to have caused some embarrassment in Canadian official circles but it was granted. The province has a long-standing source of controversy, more with the home Government than with the United States, although founded on commercial reciprocity with us.

Secretary Blaine negotiated a treaty with Newfoundland providing for a mutual exchange of products. Newfoundland now wants to know whether under the new tariff law it can have as full reciprocity with the United States as is guaranteed to the Dominion. A larger, older and more important question, however, will probably be brought before the conference by Newfoundland, if permitted, and that involves the whole controversy concerning the French fishery rights on the Newfoundland coast. That question does not concern the United States as an issue between it and Newfoundland. The province insists on an abrogation of the ancient French rights, but in that particular form the question really becomes an international one between Great Britain and France only.

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Germany's Prizes for Railroad Inventions

The German Railway Union has made its quadrennial offering to inventors, which will doubtless again stimulate American ingenuity. This offering is of prizes of $1800, $720, $360, $250, and $60 each for inventions and improvements in railroad construction and machinery, and in railroad management. The three first prizes are for inventions and improvements affecting rolling stock and its maintenance, and the fourth and two of $60 each are for improvements in administration and operation.

More specifically, the improvements most desired are in the construction of locomotive boilers, the coupling of cars without danger by automatic American and existing standard couplers, the provision of a system of weighing individual cars while moving or attached to a train, and a method of protecting a train that has stopped or is liable to stops that will be superior at night and in bad weather to track torpedoes and the ordinary hand signals. The competition will close on July 15, 1899, and the proposed new methods must be tried previously with success on a standard railroad.

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Cervera's Target Off Santiago

In planning his disastrous dash out of Santiago Bay, Admiral Cervera designated the armored cruiser Brooklyn as the chief target for his fleet, owing to the superior speed and fighting qualities of that vessel. During the marvelous running fight along the coast, the Brooklyn was struck about forty times, and after the Vizcaya tried to ram her she fired into her antagonist a total of 600 shells, that represented a cash expense of over $50 000.

The Brooklyn is the fastest naval vessel of her class in the world, is a sister ship to the New York, and on her trial trip in 1896 developed a speed of nearly twenty two knots per hour. Her displacement, horse-power, protection and armament are all somewhat greater than those of the New York, and she is about twenty feet longer. Cervera attributed much of his great failure to the inability of his fleet to destroy the Brooklyn.

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American Locomotives on Russia Railways

The Post has already noted the placing in the United States of large orders for armor plate and naval cruisers by the Russian Government. In other lines the same Government has testified to the superiority of all American mechanical work. Within a period of six months orders were placed in Philadelphia alone for 138 locomotive engines for Russian railways, of which eighty were ordered within nine weeks for the great Manchurian road. Orders aggregating nearly $3,000,000 were also placed in the United States for the equipment of the Imperial railways with air brakes—orders understood to be but the first of a series.

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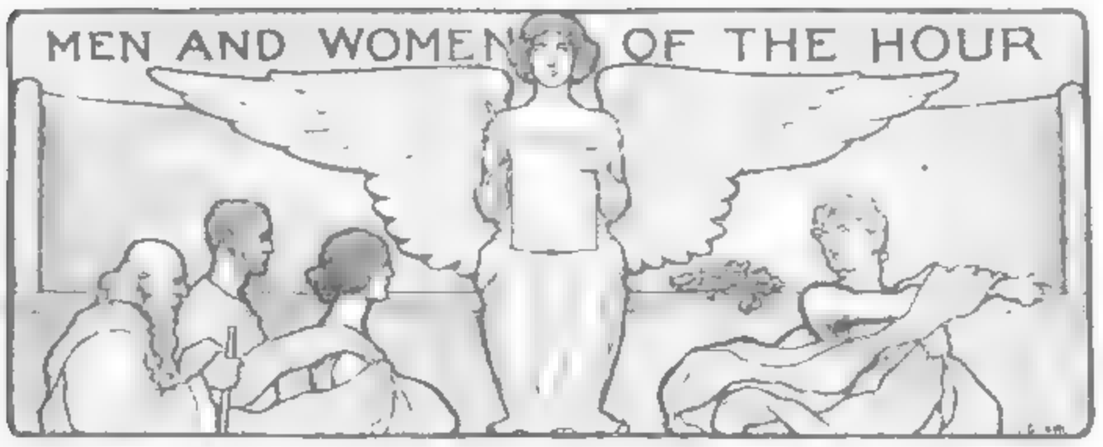
The White Squadron's Visit to Europe

Our famous White Squadron attracted much attention a few years ago during its cruise in European waters. Then it was an untried force, principally noteworthy for its trim appearance and the remarkable accuracy of its gunners. The same squadron, with a few other well known ships, all in fighting dress and war paint, will now incite a profounder interest, as showing a part of the means by which the United States unexpectedly, and solely in the interest of a common humanity, became a great naval power.

Should the powerful fleet fitted out ostensibly for operations along the Spanish coast never fire a gun save in friendly salutation, its presence abroad at this juncture can have naught but a beneficial effect. It will represent a fighting force that has destroyed two strong fleets without sustaining the loss or serious injury of a single ship and with only the casualties of one killed and nine wounded.



How Captain Evans Received his Scars Perhaps no man in the American Navy has entered the present war with more enjoyment than Capt Robley D Evans. He is a born fighter. He was a mere lad at the Naval Academy when the Civil War broke out He first distinguished himself in the attack on Fort Fisher, where he landed with a force of seamen and marines. He was twice wounded, and his leg was shattered. He was only in the hospital a short time when he went back into service, though his commanding officer begged him to go home on sick leave. Learning to hobble on his only partially healed leg, he was a constant inspiration to his men As a result of his undue haste, he now limps on a twisted limb

It is related that when, on the morning previous to the location of the blockading fleet off Cuba, the first salute was given to Admiral Sampson's flag, the Iowa, Captain Evans' ship, came lumbering up glistening in the sun like burnished brass, with "Fighting Bob" on the bridge. He shouted out

Captain Evans presents his compliments to Admiral Sampson, and we hope to make that salute twenty one guns very soon, when the stars and stripes float over the Morro.

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George Bernard Shaw, the Brilliant Playwright One of the most interesting characters in the literary world is George Bernard Shaw, who was recently married to Miss Payne Townshend. The Sketch says of him: "Mr. Shaw is ever Puck, novelist, dramatist, journalist, critic (of art, music, the drama and literature), pol[illegible] pamphleteer, p[illegible] speaker, Soc[illegible]t Celt, vegetarian, teetotaller, non smoker, Jaegerite—there you have George Bernard Shaw, if the description is not too bewildering for you

He was born in Dublin in 1856. At the age of fourteen he left school and took up the sterner duties of life. He went to London with his brogue thick upon him. At first he found no encouragement, but finally, to the field of journalism, he compelled the metropolis to give ear unto him

Shaw has become especially famous in England as a playwright, and his dramatic work has a stimulating quality that is undeniable He is an original humorist, who fancies himself a realist He despises romance, and rages against popular ideals He seems to have mastered dialogue, and possesses an inexhaustible fund of whimsical fantasy which is very enjoyable.

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Lord Kelvin's Needless Reprimand Lord Kelvin, the celebrated English scientist, has just celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday. He was born in Belfast, Ireland. For over fifty years he has held the Chair of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow University, and this was rightly considered so remarkable that in 1896 the jubilee was enthusiastically celebrated

A good story is related of his lecturing methods at the University. As a Professor of Science he can use long words in such formidable array as would make a Murray's dictionary break its binding with horror During a course of lectures once on magnetism, for instance, he defined an ideal magnet as "an infinitely long, infinitely thin, uniform and uniformly, and longitudinally magnetized bar," and the misguided students vociferously cheered, which caused the Professor to say "Silence!" This definition was made and cheered, with the usual reprimand, frequently during the lectures. Once, near the conclusion, however, the students did not cheer, but Lord Kelvin, from force of habit, rapped out "Silence!" the same as before.

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When Schley Stood by the Flag Commodore Schley was a midshipman on the Niagara at the time Fort Sumter was fired on. When the vessel reached Boston it is related that the Captain said to the officers: "Gentlemen, we have come to the parting of the ways. Some of us will never meet again, and some of us will die in doing what we believe to be right No oath can bind a man beyond the strength of his conscience, but on that table, lying up to the flag, I have written out the old oath of allegiance and signed The oath is binding to the death on me, and I hope it is on you Let each of you go to his cabin and think it over, then let him come back here and sign below me, or let him go."

When the Captain looked at the names he saw among them that of Midshipman Schley. "You signed, Winnie?" he asked. "Aye, aye, sir," was the reply. "Same flag and same Uncle Sam in Maryland as in Massachusetts, you know." "God bless you, boy!" exclaimed the old man "Your father and I fought side by side in 1812, and while some of us are now going away, I prayed God your father's son would stick to us."

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Commodore Watson as His Own Chaplain The task of sending an American fleet to Spanish waters is not an easy one. And the command of such an undertaking could only properly have been given to an officer who is skilled in every [illegible]tinent of naval [illegible]re, who is [illegible]ed in emergencies, and who possesses the esteem and confidence of his men Commodore John Crittenden Watson, who is now at the head of this expedition, is a nervous little white-haired man, with thin brown hands and a rather wiry mustache, and he is nicknamed "Able Seaman Johnnie"

Commodore Watson was born in Kentucky in 1847, and when only fourteen years old was appointed cadet at the Naval Academy. Although a Southerner, he fought for the Union during the Civil War, and was a Lieutenant on the steam sloop Hartford. Since then his promotions have been ra[illegible]

When he was in command of the San Francisco, 1892 1895, for several years the ship was without a Chaplain, and Watson assumed the functions of Chaplain. Every Sunday morning he held divine services, and led in the singing He has a stern sense of his requirements as a naval officer, and every man under him has the utmost respect for the man, and while he is stern with them he is always just and conscientious

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Dr. Joseph Joachim, the Famous Violinist Dr. Joseph Joachim, the famous violinist, has just passed his sixty-seventh birthday. He has been a remarkable musician almost from infancy. He studied under Böhm, in Vienna, and when only about twelve years old he entered the great Leipzig Conservatorium, whose founder, Mendelssohn, observed his ability

The earliest notice of the now famous violinist is said to have appeared in the Pesth Mirror, and it is worth reprinting: "We wish to call attention," said the unknown but far-sighted critic, "to the remarkable talent of a little violinist of seven years who has just appeared His name is Joseph Joachim, and he seems destined to make a name, and we shall be glad to be the first to spread his fame." When young Joachim came to England he had the unique honor of playing the same year before the also young Queen, and it was during this stay that he became acquainted with Mendelssohn, who was a great favorite at Court, and who took an encouraging interest in the boy.

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How Jean Richepin Became an Author Commemorative stories are told of the early vagaries of M. Jean Richepin, the French author whose plays are now so popular abroad. For a breach of regulations, says the Westminster Budget, he was "sent down" from his Lycée. He remained, however, in the neighborhood of the college, and, strolling idly about the streets next day, his eye lit upon a peripatetic vendor of fried potatoes, and in a moment of inspiration he purchased the whole of the stock and paraphernalia of the merchant. He then took up a post just outside of the Lycée gates, affixed to his movable apparatus a notice of huge dimensions, describing his academic and other qualifications, and shouted to all his late collegiate friends to patronize their old pupil and fellow student "Two sous a packet, gentlemen; buy, buy."

To say that the authorities were scandalized is to put it very mildly, indeed

The story of how he came to adopt a literary career is sufficiently picturesque. For some time he had picked up a precarious livelihood by doing "odd jobs," including such pro[illegible]ic occupations as that of boot black and cas[illegible]l porter on the Quai Marseilles. On[illegible]day he was engaged by a gentleman to car[illegible]ry to the railway station a heavy trunk [illegible]d at the station, there was an instant mutual recognition. They were old college chums. "What are you doing here?" asked his friend "Carrying your trunk, I believe," said Jean. "Why do you do this?" "Because I must" "Where do [illegible]live?" "Come and see," replied Richepin carelessly

The future dramatist took his friend to his dwelling—a miserable room in an attic in the poorest quarter of the town Upon the table lay scattered heaps of manuscripts—Jean's excursions into the realms of poetry when the more prosaic duties of the day were over. Looking through them, his friend was astounded at their quality. "Why do you carry trunks and blacken boots when you can do work like this?" he asked Richepin had never given the matter a thought, he had never deemed these products of idle hours worthy of publication. Published they were, however, in a very few weeks, and created an immense sensation From that moment Jean Richepin has never looked back, for his future was assured

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An American's Opinion of Cervera "For courage and dash" says "Fighting Bob" Evans Captain of the Iowa, in telling the story of Cervera's sortie from Santiago, "there is no parallel in history to this action of the Spanish Admiral He came, as he knew, to absolute destruction. There was one single hope; that was, that the Cristobal Colon would steam faster than the Brooklyn

"The spectacle of two torpedo boat destroyers, paper shells at best, deliberately steaming out in broad daylight in the face of the fire of a battle-ship, can be described in only one way—it was Spanish, and it was ordered by Blanco. The same must be said of the entire movement

"In contrast to this Spanish fashion was the cool, deliberate Yankee work The American squadron was without sentiment apparently. The ships went at their Spanish opponents and literally tore them to pieces But the moment the Spanish flag came down it must have been evident that the sentiment was among the Americans—not among the Spaniards.

"I took Admiral Cervera aboard the Iowa from the Gloucester, which had rescued him from death, and received him with a full Admiral's guard. The crew of the Iowa crowded aft over the turrets, half naked and black with powder, as Cervera stepped over the side, bareheaded. Over his undershirt he wore a thin suit of flannel, borrowed from Lieutenant Commander Wainwright, of the Gloucester. Cervera is every inch an Admiral, even if he had not any hat. He submitted to the fortunes of war with a grace that proclaimed him a thoroughbred"

Writing of the action of the Iowa's crew in this light, Captain Evans in his official report said "I cannot express my admiration for my magnificent crew. So long as the enemy showed his flag they fought like American seamen, but when the flag came down they were as gentle and tender as American women"

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General Blanco's Personal Appearance Recent events have served to bring General Blanco more prominently than ever into the public gaze. His recent reported attempt at suicide is not to be wondered at, as he is such a sincere patriot that the reverses of the Navy were doubtless felt by him as a personal loss.

General Blanco is also the Marquis de Pena Plata, although he never allows himself to be called by that title, much preferring the military title of General. In private life he has few characteristics of the fighter, and is a simple, easy going sort of a fellow. He is a great walker, and usually indulges in this form of exercise with his hands behind his back and looking as though nothing in the world would worry him. In reality, he is a fighter of no mean ability, and enjoys the utmost confidence of his sovereign, and throughout the Spanish Cuban difficulties has advocated concessions and given many liberties to the islanders.

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Senator Morgan's Hawaiian Anecdote United States Senator Morgan, of Alabama, who was one of the prime movers in pushing Hawaiian annexation, visited that place last summer and saw and heard many things for his enlightenment He relates this story

"An interesting incident happened when I was in Honolulu. You know the natives are magnificent swimmers They take to the water like ducks. One day a cargo of mules was being carried on a barge to a steamship lying offshore, when one of the mules jumped overboard and made for the shore. When he landed on the beach he looked around, and seeing all the other mules still being carried toward the steamship, he went out into the surf again, without a moment's hesitation and started out in the direction of the barge

"After he had gone some distance a great wave came along and turned him over When he righted himself he was absolutely wild, and blindly headed for mid ocean The men on the barge watched him for awhile, and then the Captain asked if it was proposed to let the animal drown. Quick as a flash one of the Kanakas sprang overboard, swam at a tangent to intercept the mule, and, reaching the animal, climbed upon his back, and by clever tactics directed the animal to the waiting steamship, riding him like a centaur in the water all the way"

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Admiral Sampson Not Afraid to Pray The following anecdote of Sampson is told by one who was a shipmate of the Acting Rear Admiral for many years. This old seaman in his narrative, said, according to the Florida Times-Union

"I have never doubted Sampson's courage since the first cruise I made with him We were ward room officers together The first night aboard ship, when the hour arrived for 'piping down' and turning in, there were several officers sitting around the wardroom table indulging in some innocent merriment. I was taught to say my prayers before going to bed at night, but I confess I lacked the courage to kneel down in the presence of my shipmates and pray It was warm weather, and our stateroom doors opened into the wardroom

"Then it was that Sampson displayed the moral courage that forever afterward impressed me He is a God fearing man, and he always says his prayers before turning in. When he was ready to turn in he knelt down by his berth and prayed A stillness came over the wardroom immediately, and I concluded that if Sampson had the courage to say his prayers in the presence of his shipmates I could do likewise, so I have never hesitated since to pray before turning in

"Only those who have sailed the sea in a warship can appreciate how much moral courage is required to kneel down in the presence of a lot of roistering shipmates and ask God's blessing

"Sampson never makes his religious devotions offensive to his shipmates, but reserves the right to be master of his own conscience, as he is master of his own fleet"

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Marie Corelli in Her Home Not very long ago the religious world was startled by the announcement that Marie Corelli had begun work on a new book, the title of which would be The Sins of Christ It is now declared that that rumor is untrue, and it is said that such a revolting and blasphemous title never entered the novelist's head Miss Corelli is a charming companion, unaffected and magnetic. She is a brilliant conversationalist, and her remarks are original and unfailingly genial.

Miss Corelli does all her literary work between ten and two, and much of it is done in the country, under the trees and among the wild flowers All of her manuscript is written with the most fastidious care, and the titles for her stories are never chosen until after the book has been written Miss Corelli—who, by the way, possesses a very pretty face—dresses in excellent taste and all of her movements are exceedingly graceful Gladstone's last words to her were. "God bless you, my dear little child Be brave. You've got a great future before you. Don't lose heart on the way. Good by!"

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The First Story of F. Marion Crawford It seems incredible that an author like F. Marion Crawford, who has written so many excellent stories, should be unconscious of the possession of such a rare faculty of story telling until some one apprised him of the fact, says Charles T Scott, in Donahoe's Magazine. Nevertheless, such was the case, for up to his twenty-eighth year he had no idea of becoming a novelist. The turning point in his career was brought about one day while Mr. Crawford was dining with his uncle, Sam Ward, at the New York Club. After the meal they sat smoking and telling stories Mr Crawford related a story of an interesting man named Jacobs (the original Mr. Isaacs) he had met at Simla, India. The tale pleased Mr Ward so much that he urged Mr Crawford to write it out "It's an excellent story for a magazine," Mr. Ward said, "and I want you to commence it this very night

Mr Crawford did as his uncle wished, and that night he wrote the first chapter of Mr Isaacs. Becoming interested in the story, he kept adding complications to see what would happen, until Mr Isaacs in its present shape was the result "Having once tasted blood," Mr. Crawford says, "I began, soon after finishing this book, to write another story for my own amusement —Doctor Claudius" With the first difficulties of authorship over, his mind found its natural outlet, and he gradually settled himself down to literature in real and sober earnest

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

XXI. THE VAGABONDS

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE

WITH A DRAWING BY FRANK X. LEYENDECKER

WE are two travelers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog: come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!
Over the table—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept outdoors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
(This outdoor business is bad for strings)
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for Kings!

No, thank ye, sir—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink!—
Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said—
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!)
Now hold your cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes,
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill—my brain is going!—
Some brandy!—thank you!—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out Heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love—but I took to drink;
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features—
You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since—a parson's wife:
'Twas better for her that we should part—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road, a carriage stopped:
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before——Do you know
If the happy spirits in Heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing, in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming—
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street—
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink—
The sooner the better for Roger and me!

"I HAD A MOTHER SO PROUD OF ME"

The Author of The Vagabonds

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, author of The Vagabonds was born in a log cabin in Western New York in 1827. He was familiar in his boyhood with the labor of the field, and the drudgery of the farm, and his first verses were composed behind the plow. His mother was a cultivated New England woman, and from her the boy inherited his refined, poetic taste. His father, too, would often amuse the family of nine children by talking to them in rhyme. When sixteen, Trowbridge wrote some verses on the Tomb of Napoleon, which were published in the Rochester Republican, and from that moment he determined to become an author. After his father's death, he left the farm and attended a classical school, where he studied Greek and his coveted Latin.

His twentieth birthday found him in New York, battling against starvation for a place in the literary arena. At last he won the desired vantage ground, and has sustained it both with his verse and prose. The Vagabonds appeared in the Atlantic Monthly in 1863. The poem breathes a subtle atmosphere of pathos, and teaches a strong temperance lesson.

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XXII—CARCASSONNE

From the French of

GUSTAVE NADAUD

I'M GROWING old, I'm sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I've seen full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none;
My prayer will ne'er fulfillment know—
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill—,
It lies beyond the mountains blue—
And yet, to reach it, one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return, as many more!
Ah, had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store—
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay,
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way;
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon—
A Bishop and two Generals.
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The vicar's right, he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak, and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind—
Yet could I there two days have spent
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah, me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this my prayer, if I offend!
Something one sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end;
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
Have traveled even to Narbonne,
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
And I have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne!

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double-bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But (heaven forgive him!) half way on,
The old man died upon the road:
He never gazed on Carcassonne.
Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

The Power of Personality

By REV. AMORY H. BRADFORD, D.D.

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons—Number Nine

WE HAVE seen Paul facing angry mobs; going alone through the mountains of Asia; in the presence of mocking philosophers in Corinth and Athens; before the Roman Governor and the Jewish King; and during weeks of storm, when he was the good angel of the ship. He cheered the sailors, comforted the prisoners, encouraged the centurion. When others expected to go to the bottom he was confident that all would be saved through God's care.

Tradition represents him as of inferior presence—possibly of limping gait, very likely with some serious affection of his eyes, mean, as he has himself told us, in bodily appearance. His power was in his qualities of spirit, and those he never more superbly manifested than when a prisoner on his way to the imperial city.

What do we mean by personality? It is all that distinguishes a man from a thing. When one is richly endowed in mind, heart, and will he has a strong personality. When the heart predominates over the intellect he has a sympathetic personality. When ambition prevails there is a malign personality. The word needs little definition; its meaning is evident. It may be a blessing or a curse. If it is used in the interests of love it is a blessing; if in the interests of selfishness it is a curse to itself and to many others.

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Paul was an eager, impassioned, persistent enthusiast, a man of great intellect, inspired and fired with fervent love. His influence was the result of what he was. Personality is the sum of all the powers. Pascal, in one of his immortal "Pensées," has finely said: "But were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which kills him, because he knows that he dies, and the universe knows nothing of the advantage it has over him." In other words, spirit is mightier than matter, and personality is always spiritual. Will can never be conquered by force. A child may defy a storm; the ocean may engulf the man whom it cannot destroy. But personality is not so impressive when it is pitted against nature as when in a good man; alone and undaunted, it faces a throng who are strong and bad.

The power one man may have over a multitude is vividly illustrated in the story of that monk who, hearing of the gladiatorial exhibitions in Rome, made his way to the imperial city and the Colosseum; and who, as the brutal sport was about to begin, leaped from tier to tier of the crowded seats into the arena. Standing before the gladiators with drawn swords, he cried to the spectators in a voice which rang through all the arches: "Will you praise God by the shedding of innocent blood?" The spectacle did not cease that day, and he who tried to stop it was run through by the swords of the gladiators, but not until he had given a death blow to the dreadful barbarism that had long disgraced the so-called Christian empire.

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What most attracts toward higher ideals? The splendid utterances of orators? Our Master showed finer discernment when He sent His disciples into the world to do just as He had done. He attracted others by the evident goodness of His life—by the power of His personality. When He called, Peter and John left their nets and followed Him. By the same methods His work is to be continued. Influence is not measured by words, but by character. No book was ever so well worth studying as a noble life. Men, not books, have lifted the world toward higher things. Some persons are so genuine, so true, so trustworthy, that in the hour of need they are always sought and depended upon.

The greatest figure in English history is that of Oliver Cromwell. But Cromwell did not leap into publicity at a bound. He was a country squire, in appearance uncouth, in manner without polish, with no gift of oratory; but he could be counted on. The times demanded "a still, strong man," who could "rule and dare not lie," and he was that man. What made Abraham Lincoln the idol of the republic and the glory of his generation? Not his eloquence, although few have spoken more eloquently; not his achievements, although few have achieved greater things. He is remembered and loved for what he was. The little girl who pleaded for her brother found the great President's ear attentive; the widow with the story of her only boy found his heart sypmathetic. He never ceased to be a man of the highest personality, and in that fact was his power.

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Culture alone is not personality; neither are wealth, a beautiful presence, an honored lineage, nor physical strength. "A little child shall lead them." We bow before strength, but that will fail; we admire intellect, but intellect is not always to be trusted. Show me one who will never deceive, who never seeks his own but always another's welfare, and I will show you a man whom all who know will willingly trust. The greatest power in the world is personal, and personal power culminates when wisdom and knowledge are married to goodness and love. When we are what we ought to be the things which we ought to do will be evident, and the strength to do them will come.

If Paul was remarkable neither for physical strength nor for learning, and least of all for grace and charm of manner, then what was the secret of his unique personality? He would not have been long in answering that question. "The love of Christ constraineth me." By that he would mean, "The secret of my life is in the fact that the very love which was in Christ has reached down and taken hold of me and made me its glad and grateful slave." "Christ liveth in me." "I am crucified with Christ." The old Saul had gone out of sight, and a new man had come in, who was impelled by the very forces which took Jesus to the cross. The secret of his power, his service, and his great endurance was in "the heavenly vision."

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Another element in Paul's personality was his large and vital faith. That is not synonymous with belief. Faith in a person is never the same as belief in a proposition. Faith is not the acceptance of a series of doctrines; it is the bridge which we throw over the abyss between ourselves and the infinite. "I believe in God so that I blindly trust Him" is a true description of faith.

Faith is the faculty of realizing in our mortal life the unseen and eternal, and love is the substitution of Christ's motives and methods for those of the world. These two graces combined in one character go far toward the making of an inspiring personality. Those who have "endured as seeing Him who is invisible," who have dared to face a majority in the consciousness of being right, who have followed love even though it has taken them to the cross, have been leaders to whom the world has come at last.

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That monument on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston is typical. There was a time when the most maligned man in America was William Lloyd Garrison. Even Boston was ready to hang him, for no reason except that he believed in God and loved man. He was not great, except in his passion for humanity. He would not sacrifice a brother to win a world's applause.

The secret of heroism is always found in faith and love. No one is heoric without them. Those who trust God seldom fear man, and will not doubt that in the end truth and righteousness will prevail. If they go down beneath the waters it will be with a song upon their lips. He who forgets himself and lives for others will inspire many with love for his ideal.

Four characteristics are found in those who exert a good influence. The first of these is perfect devotion to God.

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Where there is no vision of God the tendency is downward. Those who believe in no mountain-crests will seek to climb none. Those who have stooped lowest in service have previously been lifted highest by their beliefs. Those who have been surest of God and most consecrated to Him have had the most faith in man and done the most for his elevation. Those who have visions of God sooner or later become like Him. They are not attracted by evil, because they have fallen in love with the good. No one has led the race far toward the heavenly heights who has not been sure of God. All are heroic who can say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust him."

The highest manhood necessitates the finest culture of mind and heart. An ignorant good man is never so efficient as one who has ample knowledge and has cultivated his faculties. Goodness is sometimes allied to coarseness, and culture to crime; circumstances often make culture impossible; but in themselves knowledge and training are elements of strength, and, other things being equal, he who knows much and who has been carefully trained will do most for God and man. All men are "loaded with bias." Something which will develop the good and make "a balance in the faculties" is desirable. God gives His Spirit to those who can use it best in every way.

Some ignorant men have done great things, and some learned men have been fools; but no man ever accomplished much because he knew little, and no man was ever a fool because he was learned. Paul spent three years in Arabia before he began to preach. All teachers of abiding influence have spent more time in studying than in teaching. Every grace of manner, every gain of education, every charm of presence, every refinement of expression, will be eagerly sought by those who are really anxious to achieve worthy things for the Kingdom of God.

AMORY H. BRADFORD, D.D.

If personality and power are synonymous, then those habits which hinder the fullest and most beautiful development of the spirit should be put away. Fineness of spirit can manifest itself only through purity of body. All ought some time to offer Tennyson's prayer:

"Oh, for a man to arise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be."

Whatever dulls the intellectual faculties or dims the spiritual perception limits influence. Those who have found nearness to God have begun by abstinence from all that pampers the flesh. Prophets have never spent much time in parlors. Gluttony and spirituality are sworn enemies. Narcotics and stimulants do not clarify spiritual sight. The pure in heart see God. The astronomer makes sure that the glass of his telescope is not soiled by a single fleck. The reflector in the lighthouse must be kept untarnished. If we would know God and thus be of some little service in making Him known to our fellowmen, we must make sure that our thoughts are pure and our habits clean.

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But perhaps the chief factor in a beneficent personality is loss of self in devotion to humanity. Sooner or later others will seek the man who never schemes for himself.

Those who exalt themselves no one else will exalt. A physician, at the peril of his life, allowed a tube to be inserted into his veins, that blood might be drawn from him to save the life of a servant. Those who will risk their lives for the lowliest are made of heroic stuff. For such this world is waiting. Self-assertion is hateful; self-sacrifice to save one's fellow-men, sublime. The inscription on the tomb of General Gordon in St. Paul's Cathedral closes as follows: "Who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, and his heart to God." No wonder that Chinamen listened to him as if he were a messenger from another world! No wonder that African tribes believed that he was a superior being! All who forget themselves in the service of God and man help to make grand, sweet and harmonious music in the midst of the storm and shipwreck of this mortal life on earth.

Personality is the prerogative of no class. The loftiest spirit may inhabit the frailest body and the whitest soul dwell in the deepest poverty. All who trust God and in the spirit of Christ serve their fellow-men enter into the secret places of abiding power. Devotion to the divine, the culture of every gift and faculty, body and mind "according well" and kept pure and clean, loss of self in the consciousness of the privilege of serving humanity—these are the characteristics of that lofty and beneficent manhood so finely designated in our time by the word "personality," and perfectly illustrated for all time in the example of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and who by losing His life became our Saviour.

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AMORY HOWE BRADFORD, D.D.

was born in Granby, Oswego County, New York. He graduated from Hamilton College in 1867, and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1870. Later he studied at the University of Oxford, in England, and at the conclusion of his studies became pastor of the First Congregational Church in Montclair, New Jersey, where he now is. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred by his Alma Mater. He was the second President of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy.

He has been twice offered churches in England, and many times called to the large cities of this country, but has preferred to remain in Montclair. In 1895 he was sent to Japan as a member of a deputation to study the condition of American Missions in that land. He is the author of many books, the most prominent of which are Spirit and Life, Old Wine: New Bottles, The Pilgrim in Old England, Heredity and Christian Problems, The Growing Revelation. He has nearly ready for the press another work, The Basis of Optimism. In addition he has published many lesser works, pamphlets, and occasional sermons. He is a regular preacher at many of the most prominent of our American colleges, and is beloved by the students.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The sermons in the POST series represent practical, unsectarian thought on vital topics by the best religious thinkers of the world. This sermon, The Power of Personality, is taken from The Culture of Christian Manhood, Sunday Mornings in Baltell Chapel, Yale University, edited by William H. Sallmon, published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York City. The first nine are:

I—The Simplest Kind of Religion,	by Henry Drummond,	May 28
II—Does Death Really End All?	by Minot J. Savage, D. D.,	June 11
III—Having an Aim in Life,	by Philip S. Moxom, D. D.,	June 18
IV—The Discontent of Modern Life,	by Walton W. Battershall, D.D.,	June 25
V—The Meaning of Manhood,	by Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	July 9
VI—The Ground of Christian Certainty,	by George Hodges, D. D.,	July 16
VII—Stumbling Stones of Life,	by Andrew P. Peabody, D. D.,	July 23
VIII—The Middle Years of Life,	by R. E. Welsh, M. A.,	July 30
IX—The Power of Personality	by Amory H. Bradford, D. D.,	Aug. 6

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

Origin of the Mafia

HISTORY has it that in March of the year 1282 there was an encounter between a little band of Sicilian and a party of Frenchmen who were holding a festival, says the Chicago News. A Sicilian bridal party passed by, and a Frenchman, under the pretext of searching the party for valuables, offended the bride. The bridegroom caught the man's sword and ran it through the intruder's heart. Thereupon the Sicilians drew their stilettoes and fell upon the French with great fury, leaving over 200 of them dead after the fray. It is estimated that over 800 persons perished as the result of this outbreak; neither age, sex nor rank being at all considered. The populace took up as a war-cry these words: "Morte alle Francese Italia anello," meaning "Death to the French is Italy's cry."

Many persons have wondered at the name of the Italian secret league called "The Mafia." The initial letter of each word of the original motto spells the name. Organized at first, to some extent, at least, as an engine for self-protection, the society, by the addition of unscrupulous men and measures, acquired a rather bad name. Recent acts attributed to this band have led the Government to make a thorough investigation of its doings, and place at the proper door the responsibility for various crimes that have been committed against persons and property. One phase of their wrath takes the form of a vendetta, which is cruel, ruthless, and relentless beyond belief. Once the order is given for death there is practically no escape. One never knows how or where, but like a thief in the night the dagger of the assassin steals in and the work is done. Possibly the lack of comprehensive and sufficient laws may have had something to do with the growth and rapid progress of this relentless society.

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The Largest Flag in the World

THE Stars and Stripes in the shape of the largest flag in the world will float over Morro Castle, Havana, when Blanco surrenders. The immense flag designed for this duty is already prepared, and may be seen draped at the front of an empty storeroom in New York City. A patriotic Wall Street man has had the great flag made.

It measures 120 feet in length and forty-three and one-third feet in width, and it is believed that it breaks the record for size. It is so big that special bunting was made for it in Boston. The bunting measured forty-two inches across in the rough. Made up in the flag, allowing for seams, each stripe measures forty inches. It took a full piece of forty yards for each stripe, except when they run into the Jack.

The Jack measures forty feet in length and covers the space of seven stripes. The stars are not very large. From point to point each star measures fourteen inches. They are arranged in alternating rows of seven and eight, according to Army regulations. Big as it is, the flag can be easily packed in a large traveling trunk, and will not weigh more than 200 or 250 pounds.

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Within Spain's Royal Palace

THE Royal Palace at Madrid is one of the most beautiful structures in the world, being built by an Italian architect, in the early part of the last century, at a cost of $5,000,000, and was intended to rival the palace at Versailles, says the International Magazine. Few places are more tiresome to visit than palaces, with their gorgeously decorated chambers, but the Casa Real at Madrid is very interesting and contains a remarkable library of 100,000 volumes.

The stairway of Spain's Royal Palace is a noble structure of black and white marble, and is guarded by four statues of Roman Emperors who were natives of Spain—Trajan, Adrian, Honorius and Theodosius. On the first floor are thirty large saloons, the chapel and the library; on the second floor the Royal family and the members of the Court reside. The palace is said to contain over 700 French clocks, which were collected by Ferdinand VII, no two of them being alike.

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

Right and Wrong

By GEORGE MACDONALD

ALAS! how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too much or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

Alas! how hardly things go right!
'Tis hard to watch on a summer's night,
For the sigh will come and the kiss will stay,
And the summer's night is a winter's day.

And yet how easily things go right
If the sigh and kiss of the winter's night
Come deep from the soul in the stronger fay
That is born in the light of the winter's day.

And things can never go badly wrong
If the heart be true and the love be strong;
For the mist, if it comes, and the weeping rain
Will be changed by love into sunshine again.

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How to Roll an Umbrella

SEIZE the umbrella with the right hand by the tips or ends of the ribs, bringing them evenly around the shank (or handle); with the left hand straighten out all the folds and see that none are left in a bunched or wrinkled shape, says a writer in Hardware. Then, with the left hand, commence at the top and bring the hand down on the folds, turning the umbrella with the right hand, keeping the tips or ends of the ribs distributed evenly around the stick. See that the folds roll evenly. Keep the left hand moving down gently toward the right, past the tie or band. When the left hand meets the right, hold firmly with the left hand and button the tie with the right. If you desire a very close roll, hold it as before, and with the left hand straighten out the creases or folds, then roll down tightly until you get to the tie or band. Then hold firmly with the left hand, unfasten the tie with the right hand, roll down past the tie, button the tie with the right hand, and if you are an expert you have a close roll on your umbrella. It will lie in neat folds and look as it does when it comes from the factory.

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When People Meet in Japan

NOTHING is more amusing than to watch two acquaintances saluting in the streets of a Japanese town, says the New York World. As they come in sight of each other they slacken their pace and approach with downcast eyes and averted faces, as if neither was worthy of beholding the other; then they bow low, so as to bring the face on a level with the knees, on which the palms of the hands are pressed.

A succession of hissing sounds is next made by drawing in the breath between the closed teeth, interspersed with a series of complimentary phrases uttered with great volubility in a sort of undertoned falsetto, each trying to outdo his friend in rapidity and extravagance of language, while the palms are diligently rubbed against each other. At last the climax is reached and each endeavors to give the precedence to the other. For some time, perhaps for a full minute, the polite contest continues; then the ceremony abruptly ends, as if the difficulty were capable of none but a brusque solution, and the two pass hurriedly, with a look of extreme relief on their faces.

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The Longest Speech on Record

THE longest speech on record, says the Toronto Globe, is believed to have been that made by Mr. De Cosmos, in the Legislature of British Columbia, when a measure was pending the passage of which would take from a great many settlers their lands. De Cosmos was in a hopeless minority. The job had been held back until the eve of the close of the session; unless legislation was taken before noon of a given day the act of confiscation would fail.

The day before the expiration of the limitation, De Cosmos got the floor about 10 A. M., and began a speech against the bill. Its friends cared little, for they supposed that by two o'clock he would be through and the bill could be put on its passage. One o'clock came and De Cosmos was speaking still—he had not more than entered upon his subject. Two o'clock—he was saying "in the second place." Three o'clock—he produced a fearful bundle of evidence, and insisted on reading it. The majority began to have a suspicion of the truth—he was going to speak till next noon, and kill the bill.

For a while they made merry over it; but as it came on to dusk they began to get alarmed. They tried interruptions, but soon abandoned them, because each one afforded him a chance to discuss and gain time. They tried to shoot him down; but that gave him a breathing space, and finally they settled down to watch the combat between the strength of will and weakness of body. They gave him no mercy, no adjournment for dinner, no chance to do more than wet his lips with water, no wandering from his subject, no sitting down. Twilight darkened; the gas was lit, members slipped out to dinner in relays and returned to sleep in squads; but De Cosmos went on. The Speaker, to whom he was addressing himself, was alternately dozing and trying to look wide awake.

Day dawned, and the majority slipped out in squads to wash and breakfast, and the speaker still held on. It cannot be said that it was a very logical, eloquent, or sustained speech. There were digressions in it; repetitions, also. But still the speaker kept on; and at last noon came to a baffled majority, livid with rage and impotence.

And a single man, who was triumphant, though his voice had sunk to a husky whisper, his eyes were almost shut, and bleared, and bloodshot; his legs tottered under him, his baked lips were cracked and smeared with blood. De Cosmos had spoken twenty-six hours and saved the lands.

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What Our Sleep Really Is

IT WAS at one time supposed that in sleep the brain was richly charged with blood. This is now confessed to be an error, says the New York World. Sleep ensues when the brain is largely denuded of blood, when cerebral anæmia is established. To partly empty the brain of its blood supply, to keep the head cool, the body sufficiently warm, and to send the blood rather to the lower extremities—this is the physical problem of the sleepless. During sleep a great number of the bodily functions continue quite normal without interfering with sleep itself, and therefore sleep is not so like death as some of the poets have imagined. Man asleep is not so profoundly different from man awake, the two chief points of difference, however, being these: A greater indrawing of oxygen and exhalation of carbonic acid and a complete vaso-motor rest. With a heavy sleeper, there should be no thick curtains, but with a light sleeper curtains are essential, as sunlight plays upon the optic nerve and rouses that attention which it is the one object of the sleeper to keep in suspended animation.

Perfect or nearly perfect health is the first condition of sound sleep. But scarcely any one is quite healthy. The one great thing to do, is not only to tire out the body, but to fatigue the active mind and so drive the congested blood from the brain. Quiet and regular habits, a certain monotony of light evening occupation, will tend in this direction, while a great variety of evening entertainments is generally fatal to the victim of insomnia. It is unwise to go to bed on either an empty or a very full stomach; a slight meal before rest is the wise course.

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Only a Little Way

By FRANK L. STANTON

A LITTLE way to walk with you, my own—
Only a little way;
Then one of us must walk alone
Until God's day.

A little way! It is so sweet to live
Together, that I know
Life would not have one withered rose to give
If one of us should go.

And if these lips should ever learn to smile,
With your heart far from mine,
'Twould be for joy that in a little while
They would be kissed by thine.—Poems.

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Reaching the Pole Without Loss of Life

WE KNOW that dogs are the cavalry horses of the Arctics, says Walter Wellman in the Review of Reviews, and that we must have plenty of dog-power to drag all the loads over the good ice, in order to save the strength of the men for the rougher places; and plenty of man-power to get everything quickly over the rubble, ridges and leads—the dogs resting at these bad spots, and the men resting while the dogs do the work on the long reaches of level or undulating surface.

With a party of six hardy men, with fifty draft dogs from Siberia, with a rubber pneumatic boat which has no rigid surface to receive injurious blows in ice, with specially built sledges that are drawn each by one dog, and that may capsize without injury or the need of righting, so that the dogs go along practically without attention or driving, with light weights constantly becoming lighter, with man-power and dog-power enough to keep moving straight ahead all the time with all the loads without the need of "doubling up"—that is, to divide the load into two parts and thus go three times over the road—with careful attention, guided by experience, to every minute detail of food and equipment, it is possible to travel an average of from thirteen to seventeen miles per day, if the weather permits.

At an average progress of only twelve miles per day, the pole could be reached and returned from in the comparatively short time of eighty-eight days. Ample time would remain for the party to make its way back to the station on the southern coast to meet the steamer sent out after it.

In this way, with a very small expenditure of money, and with only a year and three months' absence from civilization, I believe that what has heretofore been impossible can be done, and the North Pole can be attained without the loss of a single human life.

THE WISDOM OF YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS

DESCRIBING THE FALL.—A little girl of tender years, who had been attending one of the public kindergartens, fell from a ladder. Her mother caught her up from the ground in terror, exclaiming: "Oh, darling, how did you fall?" "Vertically," replied the child, without a second's hesitation.

TOMMY'S IDEA OF OMNIPOTENCE.—Small Tommy was very fond of candy, and asked: "Mamma, can God make anything he wants to?" "Of course he can," was the reply. "Well," exclaimed the little fellow, "I'd just like to see him make a stick of candy that would leave only one end to it."

JOHN'S USE OF LANGUAGE.—"Did everything go off pleasantly at school to-day, John?" "Yes, mother; but some bad boys persuaded me to play truant." "You mean they tried to persuade you, John; if they had persuaded you, you would have gone off with them." "That's what I did."

PROPORTIONAL ENERGY.—"Ma," said a frightened little boy in Harlem, "do you see that goat butting my shadow on the fence?" "Yes, Rockie, but that doesn't hurt you any." "No, not now; but if he likes to butt my shadow as hard as that, what d'you think he'll do when he sees me?"

HOW ADAM WAS PUNISHED.—"The other day, in a Sunday-school class of boys between the ages of six and ten, a question was asked as to how God punished Adam for disobeying Him. There was silence for a moment or so, and then one bright boy said: "Please, sir, God took away one of his ribs and gave him a wife."

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PRAYER WITH A RECESS.—The little boy was on his knees in his little night-dress saying his prayers, and his little sister couldn't resist the temptation to tickle the soles of his little feet. He stood it as long as he could, and then he said: "Please, God, excuse me while I knock the stuffing out of Nellie."

THE STORY OF LOT'S WIFE.—Harry, aged 5, had been to Sunday-school, and upon his return home he tried to tell his mamma about the lesson. "And you know, mamma," said he, "Lot's wife was awful meddlesome, and when God told her to mind her own business she got awfully fresh and didn't mind, so God just put her in a sack of salt."

THE TERMINAL SITUATION.—A teacher asked a bright little girl what country was opposite to us on the globe. "I don't know," was the reply. "Well, now," pursued the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, as quick as I could, please."

CURED BY PROXY.—"Pa!" inquired Freddie as he laid down the top he had been spinning, "what is diplomacy?" "Diplomacy, my boy," responded the old man proudly, "is doing exactly the right thing at exactly the right moment!" "Then I guess I used diplomacy last night!" "What did you do, my boy?" "Why, I heard mamma say that she was going to give me some castor oil. Now, you know, I generally sleep on the outside of the bed, but last night when I heard mamma coming upstairs I pushed Johnny into my place and took his!" "What happened?" "Why, Johnny had the dose of oil, that's all."

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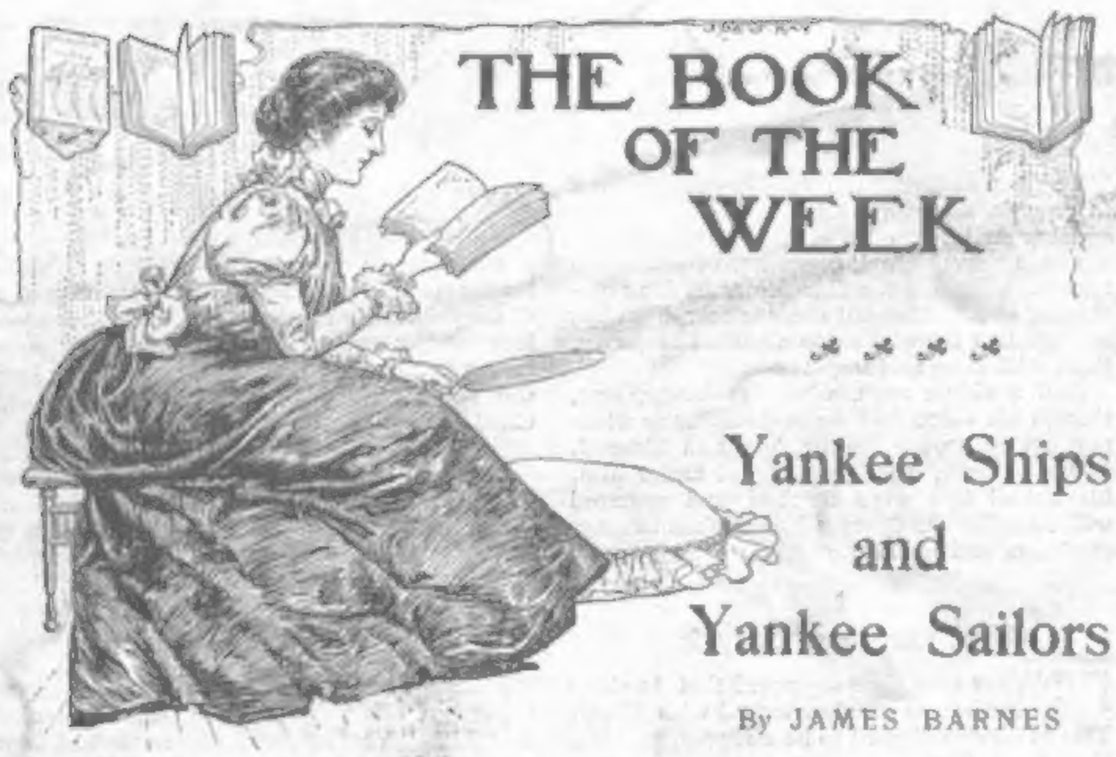
PREPARING ELLA FOR TROUBLE.—A little girl had been absent with her parents at a camp-meeting for two weeks. On her return her little playmate, Ella Day, entertained her by showing her her new playthings. At night little Mary, in saying her prayers, said: "O Lord, bless Ella Day, and make her a good girl, so as I can take all her playthings away from her and she won't want them back again any more."

NO SYMPTOMS OF BEING FRIENDLY.—"The Quaker" was the subject of an essay, the essayist being a moderate-sized boy. Omitting all such references to George Fox or William Penn as are customary in essays on Quakers, this essayist just plunged into the thick of his subject by saying that the Quakers never quarrel, never get into a fight, never claw each other, and never "jaw back." He added, "Pa is a Quaker, but I really don't think that ma is."

AN APPROPRIATE TEXT.—One of our Sunday-school teachers, on a recent occasion, told her pupils that when they put their pennies in the contribution box she wanted each one to repeat an appropriate Bible verse. The first boy dropped in a cent, saying: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." The next boy dropped his cent, saying: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." The third and youngest dropped his penny, saying: "A fool and his money are soon parted."



THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors

By JAMES BARNES

THE old romance of the Navy has passed with the wooden ships that made it possible. The old courage, the old chivalry animate the men who fight to-day behind the steel sides of our warships; but there is a new romance of the sea, a romance of steel and steam—and Spaniards. For not even our hereditary enemy is left to us.

Mr. Barnes has caught the spirit of the old times, when Yankee frigates grappled close with the enemy for the last splintering, tearing struggle, and the stripped and smoke-grimed crews served the hot guns that were muzzle to muzzle; or the yelling, slashing boarders swarmed over the ships' sides. He wished to tell, as he puts it, "something of the ships that fought the battles, whose names are inseparably connected with a glorious past, and to relate incidents connected with the Yankee sailors who composed their crews." And this he does, in a style which is admirable because it is natural, and reels off the yarns in an easy, conversational fashion.

Among the shorter stories, the first of the Two Duels, which is given below, is the most interesting, and best brings back the color of our old Navy.

"Oh, Bainbridge, you're going ashore with us, aren't you?"

At these words a young man who was walking up and down the frigate's quarter-deck turned quickly. He was dressed in the same uniform as the one who had just asked the question—that of a midshipman of the American Navy.

"I won't be off duty for a quarter of an hour. Is the boat ready?"

"Not yet—maybe you will have time——"

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Midshipman Raymond left the quarter-deck, and strolled forward to the mast, where five or six other middies were waiting, all dressed in their best uniforms, with rows of polished brass buttons, and neat little dirks swung at their left hips by slender chains. They were impatient at the delay. Every one wished to be ashore, as it was the intention to dine together and afterward to attend a concert at the Malta Theatre; for the Constitution was anchored just off the town.

A few minutes later the ship's bell clanged the hour and Bainbridge ran into the steerage, slammed open the lid of his chest, and shifted into his best uniform in "presto change" fashion. He was just in time to leap into the boat as she shoved off.

Joseph Bainbridge was a younger brother of Commodore William Bainbridge, and like him he had gifts of popularity. He possessed a magnetic personality that attracted to him the notice of both officers and men, and a bold, adventurous spirit that won their admiration. He was tall and strong, and the handsomest young officer in the service.

Once on shore, the gay party of middies entered a café and seated themselves quietly at a corner table. But their entrance had been observed. A group of officers, in scarlet coats and gilt braid and shoulder-knots, gazed insolently at them.

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"Young Yankee puppies," observed one, turning to his companions.

"Rather airy—I should say breezy," was the rejoinder.

Before long the fun grew fast and furious at the middies' table; laughter and even the snatch of a song broke from them. Pretty soon one of the English officers arose—the one who had first noticed their presence. He walked over to their table and rapped on the edge with the hilt of his sword.

"Less noise, less noise here!" he said.

Bainbridge was about to spring to his feet, when Raymond restrained him. "Have a care," he said softly. "Remember the Commodore's orders not to quarrel."

No one noticed the Englishman's presence. Slightly abashed, he returned to his seat.

"Taught 'em a lesson," he sniggered.

In a few minutes the whole party had adjourned to the playhouse.

Carlotti sang her best; every one was enjoying the music and anxious for more, when the curtain fell on the first act. Then the lads arose and strutted into the lobby.

"There's that officious Britisher," said Bainbridge, nodding his head toward a group of scarlet coats.

"Oh, I just heard about him," put in one of the smallest reefers. "He's Tyrone Tyler. He's killed eleven men."

The officer in question was tall and exceedingly slender, and he might have been called good-looking if it were not for the insolent eyes, the leering mouth, and arrogant chin that made him so conspicuous. He made some remark that caused the others to laugh, as he put up his eyeglass and stared into the faces of the Yankee middies.

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"Care for cub-hunting, Twombly?" he inquired of a red-faced man at his elbow.

The midshipmen heard this, but said nothing, and soon they were all lost in the theatre crowd.

During the next intermission all kept their seats but Raymond and Bainbridge, who again strolled out. The taller lad, who looked some years older than his age, which was but nineteen, attracted much attention. Suddenly he collided with somebody, who pushed him off.

"Beg pardon," said Bainbridge, making way.

There was no reply, and the lad's handsome brows contracted as he saw the evil face of Capt. Tyrone Tyler smiling sneeringly at him. In the course of a few minutes they met again, and once more came together.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the middy.

The words had a peculiar intonation this time. They were spoken in the tone of voice one uses when compelled to move something that may disturb another. Bainbridge lifted the infantry Captain aside with a firm grasp on both his elbows.

"Beg pardon, sir," said he again.

The officer grew livid, and had it not been that some one grasped his arm he would have struck the midshipman across the face. But Bainbridge moved quickly away.

When they left the hall, after the performance, they found Tyler and three others waiting at the entrance.

"Now for the training," said he, stepping forward. As he spoke he put one elbow in Bainbridge's face, and with the other hand grasped for his collar.

But he reckoned wrongly. The middy ducked quickly, and picked up his cap that had been pushed off by the blow.

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"You are a cowardly bully," he said calmly. "But I understand you. My card, sir; I am at your service."

As he spoke he extended a bit of engraved pasteboard. Captain Tyler took it, handed it to one of his friends, and gave his name, adding:

"I trust that you will meet me on the beach under the west fort to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

"Can you make it earlier?"

"Certainly; at eight, then."

The Englishman laughed as he moved off with his companions.

"Be on hand, my young monkey jacket; I should hate to be turned out so early for nothing."

"Never fear," was Bainbridge's return.

"Oh, Joesph, what have you done?" wailed little Raymond suddenly. "They will never let you off the ship, and we've broken orders and are in a frightful mess."

"I'm not going on board again, Sammy; I'm to meet that bully, and I will do it."

"I shall stay if you do," replied Raymond stoutly. "It will never be said that——"

"Come, young gentlemen, 'tis about time you were making for the boat."

The speaker was a tall, graceful young man, wrapped in a long watch cloak. It was Stephen Decatur, the First Lieutenant, and the idol of the ship.

As they reached the archway of the pier, Bainbridge held back.

"Come, Mr. Bainbridge, a word with you," said Decatur, taking the lad kindly by the arm. He was but five or six years his senior, but his manner was almost fatherly. "Have you anything to tell me?"

"Yes, sir. I have broken orders."

"I observed it," said the Lieutenant. "Have you anything else to say?"

"Yes, sir; unless you insist, I'd rather stay on shore to-night."

"You will return to the ship."

"Very good, sir."

In silence the party was rowed back, and in silence they climbed the side.

Then the First Lieutenant spoke: "Mr. Bainbridge, wait here until I return."

Bainbridge waited upon deck for half an hour. He had not the least idea what was going to be done with him. But he was grieving bitterly. If he did not meet the Englishman he was disgraced—his name was known; "he owed it to the honor of the service."—for that was the way the code was established.

Suddenly he heard some one approaching.

"Mr. Bainbridge."

"Yes, sir."

"Commodore Preble's orders are for me to go on shore to-morrow at seven thirty in the morning. You will go with me."

"Oh, thank you, sir."

"I shall attend to everything, if you will allow me the honor."

Bainbridge put out his hand; Decatur took it without a word.

The next morning, on a narrow stretch of beach, there was a curious little gathering, or, better, two separate groups; one composed of five men talking together, and at a few paces' distance two silent figures.

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The five men were conversing in whispers.

"Nevertheless, I intend doing it," said the tall, slender man who was in the centre. "Do you see the botton at his throat? A Yankee more or less does not count."

"Are you ready, gentlemen?"

The others stepped back, and there stood two tall figures fronting one another. Each held a long, heavy pistol in the right hand. The faces of the men were pale, but the midshipman was as cool as his opponent.

The officer who had last spoken began counting, and then there came a flash and one report. The pistols had been discharged at the same instant.

Bainbridge reeled slightly, and passed his hand about his throat.

"I am all right," he said calmly.

"Thank God! Then let's be off," was Decatur's sole return.

Lying on the sand was Tyler, "the dead shot," the surgeon fumbling at his chest. Decatur and the midshipman raised their hats as they passed by. (Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.)

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